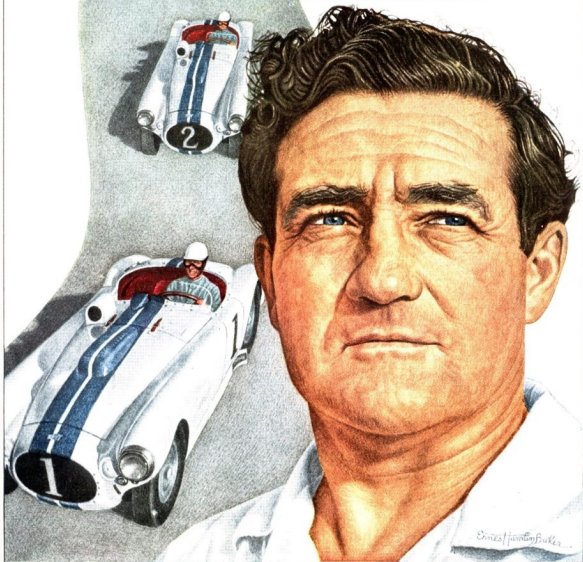


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

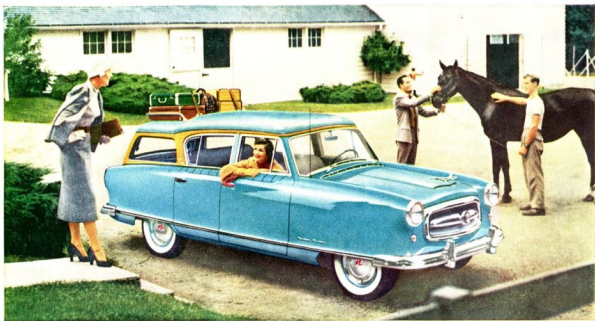
THE H-BOMB
in color



ROAD RACER BRIGGS CUNNINGHAM
Horsepower, endurance, sportsmanship.

NASH PRESENTS

An Entirely New Kind of Travel Car!



You've never seen anything like it! Rambler smartness, handling ease and economy of up to 30 miles a gallon—in a station wagon so spacious it offers Airliner Reclining Seats and Twin Beds.

Meet the New Nash Rambler "Cross Country"

IT'S SOMETHING absolutely new—a smart family sedan, luxuriously upholstered, completely custom in every inch.

It's the last word in travel luxury with room and luggage space for six people . . . the style sensation of the year with distinctive recessed roof area for extra luggage.

It's a husky all-steel station wagon on the new longer wheelbase—with a platform almost 7 feet long when tail gate is down.

Compare this new Nash Rambler "Cross Country" with any other travel car on the market. See why it's the standout for style and value!

NEW LOWER PRICES on all 1954 models—as much as \$210 less—give you the greatest values ever offered—including the lowest priced two-door station wagon in America. Now at your Nash dealer's.



Nash gives you the widest choice of "double-purpose" cars. Above are the Rambler Greenbrier, 2-door Station Wagon, the low-priced Suburban.



Brand-new—the smart "Travel Rack" atop the roof carries extra baggage for your long trips. All Nash Airflytes offer Hydra-Matic Drive.

Nash Airflytes

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Rubber brakes—for runaway cases

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

HERE'S where glass used to break as cases of bottles slid downstairs from second floor to first. The metal chute is slippery, so there'd be runaways and collisions.

Someone thought of using a conveyor belt on part of the chute, to act as a brake to slow up the cases. Fine, except that all too soon the rough belt cover became worn and smooth. Then it could no longer grip the cases; more breakage, more mess to clean up.

Then a B. F. Goodrich distributor saw the belt and had an idea. B. F. Goodrich had just developed the

Ribflex belt to move cartons, bags, packages up steep inclines. Why couldn't it carry things *down* just as safely? This new belt is made with parallel ribs that are cross cut into thousands of flexible grip blocks, soft so they bend just enough to grip anything carried by the belt, and so hold it firmly. Yet the rubber is so tough that these belts will keep their gripping power long after rough-surface belts become worn and ineffective.

Now when a case hits the Ribflex belt, it stops and then rides down—smoothly, safely at belt speed. And not one bottle has broken since the

B. F. Goodrich belt was put on.

The Ribflex belt is typical of B. F. Goodrich research which is constantly at work improving all kinds of belting, hose and other rubber products and finding new ways to use them better. Don't decide any rubber product you may buy is the best to be had without first finding out from your BFG distributor what B. F. Goodrich research may have done recently to improve it. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-217, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



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Where Bendix Aviation simulates the world 16 miles up to maintain U. S. supremacy in jet engine equipment!

Height and speed are two chief requisites for military aviation supremacy. Jets have replaced reciprocating engines because they'll fly a man higher and faster.

Height and speed, however, are correlated to cold and heat in fantastic proportions when you fly a jet!

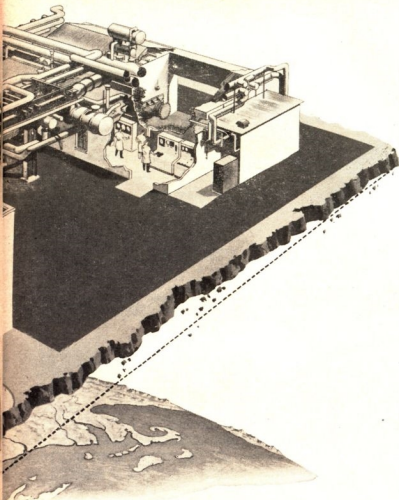
That's why building the jet engine and vital components for it like generators, fuel pumps and controls, and airborne starters necessitates completely revolutionary engineering approaches to the problems that come up.

Gone is the old crankshaft as a driving source. You use air. Not the delightful spring breeze that lazily turns the windmill but a violent, hot blast powerful enough to turn a turbine wheel up to 100,000 r.p.m.s!

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wheel disintegrates at 100,000 r.p.m.s, you get shrapnel! These and many other problems are being studied and solved by Bendix today. Instead of learning by trial and error, Bendix has taken the lead by building the finest Air Turbine Facility in the world designed for the express purpose of testing all the turbine driven equipment we make for jet aircraft.

Inside this multimillion dollar proving ground we test Bendix turbine generators the size of a breadbox that are powerful enough to light 15 homes . . . a fuel pump that can withstand the shock of being driven by an 800° F. blast of air while delivering 50° below-zero fuel . . . to



make sure these and other vital Bendix jet engine components function perfectly under all flying conditions from sea level to 80,000 feet!

Located at Teterboro, New Jersey, it is an adjunct of our Eclipse-Pioneer Division. In addition, Bendix also operates a new environmental test building for guided missiles at Mishawaka, Indiana.

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This is just a little bit of Bendix in the aviation field. You should get the full story of Bendix Aviation Corporation and how it can contribute to your business. Our product line and technical abilities are so diverse that we're certain you'll find specific uses for improving most any type operation. We're developing new products and new techniques constantly. We invite you to follow through on the following suggestion:

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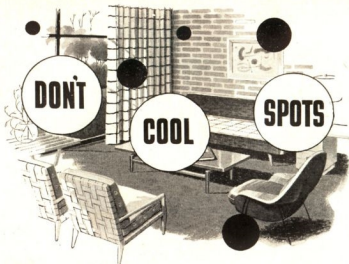
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LETTERS

The Bomb

Sir:

A blessing on TIME's April 12 article on the H-bomb . . . The religious tone of the article was pleasantly surprising, and points to the trouble we seem to be in today . . . It may be that the ultimate destiny of man is fast being revealed . . . If today's renaissance of religious feeling becomes grounded in Yankee Puritan ideals and faith, then we have every good reason to believe we will come through this vale victorious . . .

R. DUDLEY BENNETT

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

. . . I believe the Communists would not hesitate at all to bomb New York, Washington, or any of our great cities. However . . . in the case of our H-bomb war, Malenkov and the Praesidium would stand an excellent chance of being among the first victims. I presume even Communists have some affection for their children and perhaps even for their wives. As the Negro spiritual has it: "There ain't no hidin' place down here." Those men would not be willing to die, not even that Communism might live . . .

JANE L. WRENCH

Columbia, Mo.

Off-Beat Characters

Sir:

I was especially interested in your April 5 references to Sadakichi Hartmann in Gene Fowler's book [*Minutes of the Last Meeting*]. As I knew him 20-odd years ago, Hartmann was an off-beat character who . . . resembled an aged water sprite. And much of the time he imitated an old satyr arowl. At

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TIME
April 26, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 17

TIME, APRIL 26, 1954

IMPORTED *Coronado*



King of Summer Suits

ENJOY icy cool comfort this Summer in an Imported CORONADO suit . . . Naturally finer because it is woven of nature's own proven fibers . . . Australian Worsted and Turkish Kid Mohair.

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Truly fit for a King . . . and you!

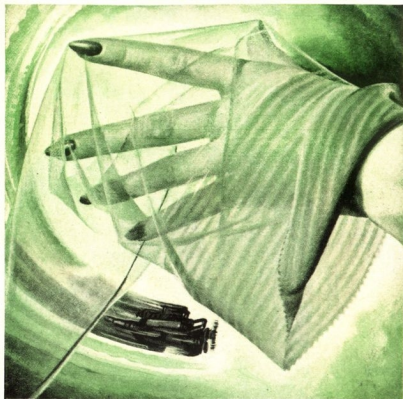
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of oil thinner than a nylon stocking!



One thousandth of an inch! That's a typical clearance
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IT'S A SUPER FILM . . . that does a super job both
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times he could be utterly beguiling. At others,
a deadbeat . . .

Painter John Decker may score in Fowler's
book for his good cooking, but on the day I
visited his studio he had an open can of some
foodstuff . . . the blue and white label read
"FIT FOR HUMAN USE." It was issued by the
WPA. The dark walls of Decker's depressing
ménage were covered with "brown-sauce"
paintings—one of which was Queen Victoria
with a W. C. Fields head [see cat]. Another,
after Da Vinci, had Fanny Brice's face . . .

Decker dispensed with me by saying, "John
Barrymore left less than a minute ago. He



John Decker

W. C. FIELDS AS QUEEN VICTORIA

was sitting right there," and pointed to a
still-warm chair. I coveted the chair and sat
on it in a feminine trance . . .

ADRIENNE TYTLA

East Lyme, Conn.

Broadside from Paris

Sir:

I must express my surprise at being
branded, by implication, a defeatist [in
"Waiting for Dienbienphu," *Time*, March
29]. I am no more a defeatist when I wish a
cease-fire in Indo-China than President Ei-
senhower was when he decided in favor of a
cease-fire in Korea.

Regarding the EDC: I agree with a great
many French statesmen or soldiers—including
General de Gaulle, Edouard Herriot, Mar-
shal Juin—in considering that scheme as a
terrible danger for my country.

JACQUES SOUSTELLE

National Assembly
Paris

Congressman's Record

Sir:

During the eight years since I was defeated
for re-election to Congress by Richard M.
Nixon in 1946, I have refrained from public
comment on Mr. Nixon . . . [but] I cannot,
in justice to a record of which I am sincerely
proud, keep silent [on *Time's* Jan. 18 state-
ment recalling Nixon's attack on Voorhis
during the 1946 campaign] . . . Even if it
were true that "only one piece of legislation
bore Voorhis' name," that would be no reflec-
tion whatever on the worth of a man's serv-
ice in Congress . . . Most bills bear the
names of committee chairmen. The point,
therefore, is an altogether technical one. But
the plain fact is that, for example, bills for
the benefit of veterans did bear my name as
author . . . I was the original author of
the legislation that established "Employ the



Why wait to lose weight?

THIS MAN, like many others who have "gotten stout," knows that he should start reducing *now*. But the thought of going on a diet . . . of giving up his favorite foods . . . overcomes his better judgment. Why not wait, he reasons, and "trim down" later on?

Actually the first signs of "getting stout" are nature's warning to start reducing immediately. For when you bring your weight down and keep it down, you are likely to gain some mighty important health benefits.

There is the distinct possibility, for example, of lengthening your life. Here are the facts which are based on an extensive study of men:

The death rate from all causes was found to be about a fifth higher for men who were from 5 to 14 percent overweight than for those of proper

weight. Moreover, among men who were 25 percent or more overweight, the death rate was about 75 percent higher.

Why do overweight and long life seldom go together? Simply because overweight is frequently associated with many diseases or conditions, including high blood pressure, heart and kidney disorders and diabetes.

Extra weight is especially bad for the heart. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra weight require an additional half a mile of blood vessels to maintain this excess body tissue. The result is the heart and other vital organs have to work harder.

Extra weight usually begins to accumulate when we reach middle age, and in 98 percent of the cases the cause is simply due to overeating. Thus, after

age 35, it is especially important to follow proper habits of eating.

Your doctor is the best judge of what your desirable weight should be. He will caution against quick, drastic reducing methods that may undermine health rather than improve it. With his advice, you can be helped to reduce without making radical changes in your diet, or resorting to strenuous exercises and other measures that may be ineffectual in the permanent control of overweight.

In addition to the health benefits of proper weight, there are other advantages which you may enjoy by keeping "in trim." The chances are that you will look better, feel better, and get more fun out of life.

So, why wait to lose weight?

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Your "TWO-SUMMER" Shoe!

FLORSHEIM NYLON MESH

Want to make your Summer shoe dollar do two Summers' work? Then switch to Florsheim Shoes of cool, cool, long-wearing nylon mesh combinations. Smart, street-shoe styles; dark, light, or tweedy meshes; comfort and economy for this Summer and next!



The KENMORE, S-1500, brown calf U-wing tip with brown nylon mesh, \$18.95.

Other Florsheim styles
\$17⁹⁵ and higher



The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago 6 • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Physically Handicapped Week" . . . The so-called "rabbit bill" was of benefit, it is true, only to a comparatively few small farmers. But to them it was important . . .

There was and is a Voorhis Act, bearing my name and commonly known as such, requiring registration of all officers of political organizations (such as the Communist Party) which are controlled by foreign governments . . .

It seems to me that the following events are, any one of them, of considerably more importance, and I believe they are good evidence of the fact that my record in Congress was a worthy and substantial one:

A LIFE poll of Washington newspaper correspondents in 1939 rated "Jerry Voorhis first in integrity, fifth in intelligence, and among the 14 most able members of the House."

A poll conducted among members of Congress themselves by *Pageant* Magazine in August 1946 rated Jerry Voorhis second to Congressman Wadsworth in putting national issues above local ones and showed that my fellow members considered me the "hardest-working" member.

The distinguished group of citizens appointed by *Collier's* Magazine in 1946 to make that magazine's award for distinguished congressional service included my name as one of 14 House members from which the final selection of Congressman Jesse Wolcott was made.

The MARCH of TIME itself selected Jerry Voorhis as the typical Congressman for its "Spotlight on Congress" program during my last term of office.

JERRY VOORHIS

Winnetka, Ill.

Bringing Home the Mangel-Wurzel

Sir:

In an article on Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer "Rab" Butler, TIME [April 5] says: "He spent summers picking mangel-wurzels." This evokes a picture of summer days spent gathering something resembling scuppernongs. Does TIME imagine that mangel-wurzels grow on trees, or on vines? A mangel-wurzel is a variety of beet, only larger and considerably less tasty, grown as a cattle food. A mangel-wurzel is a stubborn root that parts company with the earth only after a vigorous tussle, and I don't envy Rab Butler his summer, even though he was paid 8¢ an hour.

MARY STRICKLAND

New York City

TIME's thanks to Scuppernong-Fancier Strickland for a fuller explanation of the problem.—ED.

Murrow v. McCarthy

Sir:

Everyone recognizes and deplores McCarthy's high & mighty tactics, but E. B. Murrow is smoother and so subtle that it's very difficult to recognize the Red line he's pitching on *See It Now*. For this reason, I think that he is infinitely more dangerous . . .

E. B. LYON

Raleigh, N.C.

Korean Story

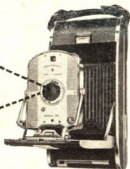
Sir:

I am sure that many readers like myself read with understanding pity the pathetic story of the little Korean boy, "A Chance for Ronnie" [TIME, April 5], but my blood boils when I think of the father, a U.S. Army colonel, who could so callously desert his child and its mother . . . This certainly is a cockeyed world when military authorities will pry into the motives of one colonel for confessing to the use of germ warfare by

TIME, APRIL 26, 1954



She
went
in
here...



and 60 SECONDS later

she
came
out
here...



The short short story of this snapshot of young Cathy Speare, Winchester, Mass., shows how fantastically simple fine photography has become — if you use a Polaroid Camera.

Cathy's father turned *one* dial to set both lens opening and shutter speed. He clicked the shutter and exactly one minute later he lifted a beautifully clear, finished print right out of the back of the camera. *Only a Polaroid Camera can perform this miracle.*

Even the loading is effortless. You just drop in the film. No threading, no winding.

Polaroid photography is no trick at all — not if you can press a button and wait 60 seconds. You see what you get while you're right on the spot. No waiting and wondering. If the pose isn't right, just shoot another before the chance is gone forever.

People like this easier photography so well, they've taken more than 100 million Polaroid pictures in the last three years. Better get in on this fun, yourself!

2 IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT POLAROID PICTURES

COPIES AND ENLARGEMENTS ARE EASY TO GET

Polaroid's exclusive process makes copies *directly* from prints — quickly, inexpensively.

NEW PLASTIC FINISH GIVES PRINTS LASTING BEAUTY!

And every picture is *guaranteed*; if you're ever dissatisfied with the results from any roll — now or years from now — you get a new roll free.

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Polaroid Corp., Cambridge 39, Mass.



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f/4.5 lens... shutter speeds one to 1/400 seconds... coupled rangefinder... the aristocrat of 60-second cameras.
\$249.50



SPEEDLINER
Thrifty family camera anyone can use indoors or out, rain or shine.
\$89.75



Ralph H. Wiley, noted boat builder, uses Raytheon Radio with Direction Finder.

New Two-in-One Raytheon Portable!

Now, a low-cost combination radio and direction finder provides piloting information as well as entertainment for small boats. With this new Raytheon portable, you can chart your position by taking bearings on Coast Guard beacons or standard broadcast stations. It also receives the marine channels.

Space-saving, rotating antenna extends only 2" above cabinet. No awkward loop. Sensitive 5-tube receiver (AC, DC or battery) is housed in sturdy, spray-proof case. Only 12½ lbs., with battery... Here's fun and safety at sea—and more evidence of Raytheon's... "Excellence in Electronics."



RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WALTHAM 54, MASSACHUSETTS



BIG SCREEN RAYTHEON TV SETS feature single-knob tuning in many cabinet styles. A full year's warranty covers picture tube and all parts. See a Raytheon TV dealer.



RAYTHEON RADAR ON YOUR BOAT—New Mariners Pathfinder® Model 1500 Radar adds new safety in storm, fog, darkness. Spots hazards 16 miles away.

American flyers in Korea and allow another colonel who is guilty of a heinous offense to go free . . .

F. W. CLARK

Las Cruces, N. Mex.

Sir:

Re Ronnie Kim's father: I extend respect for TIME's restraint in its terse acknowledgement of the colonel's part in Ronnie's existence—no stones for daddy, who so richly deserves them, but only high praise for the superb Grace Kim, the Korean nurse who adopted Ronnie. However, I have not reached TIME's commendable state of quiet in regard to the guilty. I feel a suffocating anger when I think of the anonymous colonel . . . What kind of a man can have so little respect for himself or human kind that he will treat [a woman] with such incredibly sordid shabbiness . . . and ignore the offspring of his own body? . . .

HAZEL E. HESTER

Atlanta

Monkey Shines

Sir:

Re *The Diaries of Lewis Carroll* (TIME, March 29): please, either tell me where I can buy a frictionless pulley, or give me the answer to the Rev. Charles Dodgson's puzzle.®

NELL COUFAL

Omaha

¶ As the Rev. Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) supplied no answer to his own puzzle, see below for one reader's solution.—ED.

Sir:

. . . The solution seems obvious. As long as the monkey merely hung onto the rope, both the monkey and the equivalent weight would be at rest: the resultant of forces exerted on the rope would be zero . . . But since we have a frictionless pulley, and since the problem was posed by that eminent mathematician, Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), there would doubtless occur what is known in scientific circles as the Cheshire Cat Effect: both the monkey and the weight would disappear into the substance of this marvelous pulley—monkey tail last—and never be seen again. Q.E.D. ("Damned Queer Effect").

JAMES A. RAY

Memphis

Shakespeare's Lady Friend

Sir:

. . . It was a great satisfaction to me, and I'm sure to other Shakespeareans, to learn in your April 5 issue that Mary Fitton was the "dark lady of Shakespeare's sonnets," whom we've been trying for years to identify . . .

The dark lady was a married woman who broke her bed vow (Somerset 153), but Mary Fitton was single when she was William Herbert's (later the Earl of Pembroke—1580-1633) mistress . . . He refused to wed her . . . After bearing three illegitimate children to three different men, she married rich and died respectable. But—as for the supporters of the Fitton-Herbert theory—Mary inconveniently turns out, from the evidence of her portraits, to have been not dark but fair, with light brown hair and gray eyes. For hair, Shakespeare's dark lady had "black wires"; for eyes, "pitch balls . . ."

WILLIAM PEERY

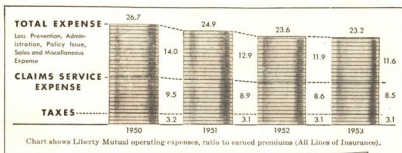
Austin, Texas

® Given a monkey and an equivalent weight, one at each end of a rope running frictionless over a pulley attached to the ceiling, what would happen if the monkey tried to climb up the rope?

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because we control expenses

Before you
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Casualty
Insurance
CONSIDER
THESE FACTS



FINANCIAL STATEMENT

as at
DECEMBER 31, 1953



ASSETS

TOTAL INVESTMENTS*	\$310,318,714
Cash and Bank Deposits	22,310,458
Premiums in course of collection (net) —	
None over 90 days due	21,246,381
Interest and Rents accrued	1,456,516
Other Assets	383,386
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS	\$355,715,455

LIABILITIES

RESERVES FOR:

Insurance Losses — provision for payments not yet due on accidents which have already occurred:	
Losses	\$201,396,082
Loss Adjustment Expenses	15,353,358
Premiums Unearned	59,515,453
Federal Income Tax accrued	2,600,000
State Premium and Other Taxes accrued	7,338,339
Other expenses accrued and sundry accounts payable	2,878,587
Dividends declared to policyholders	14,097,000
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$303,178,869
SPECIAL RESERVES AND SURPLUS	\$ 52,536,586
TOTAL LIABILITIES, SPECIAL RESERVES AND SURPLUS	\$355,715,455

*Bonds and stocks are valued in this statement on the basis adopted by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, bonds at amortized cost and stocks at market quotations. Securities deposited as required by law are included above as follows: 1953, \$14,815,984. 1952, \$12,891,122.

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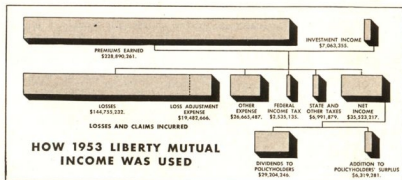
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

There have been many changes in TIME since the first issue in March 1923. Some of the original sections have been dropped. Some new ones have been added to fit the changing scene. Others have been introduced for a temporary period and later dropped when the need for them had passed (such as WORLD BATTLEFRONTS in World War II). One department, however, which began with the magazine and remains unchanged today, is the "calendar of the triumphs, defeats and contortions of the human spirit" recorded each week in the MISCELLANY section.

In many ways, MISCELLANY is the most difficult column in the magazine to fill. For one thing, the rules of the game require that every item be written in one sentence, and some amusing short news stories simply will not compress into one sentence. Further, the item must appeal to 1) the writer, 2) the senior editor, 3) the managing editor, and 4) the researcher.

Ideas for the MISCELLANY section come from newspaper items, the wire services, and TIME's own correspondents. But the biggest single source of suggestions is TIME readers, who send in an average of 300 ideas each week. They come from all over the world. There is one consistent contributor who lives in New Zealand; there are eight regular contributors who are currently living in the Ohio Penitentiary. One veteran MISCELLANY correspondent is Captain Frank Luckel, U.S. Navy (ret.), now a member of the California state legislature, who sent in his first contribution in 1930.

On Thursday, the MISCELLANY writer goes through his harvest of suggestions, sorts out the promising ones. Usually, he writes about twice the number of items that will see final print. After the item is written, the next step is to give it a heading. Wrote one TIME reader from New Hampshire recently: "Would you please tell me who is responsible for the titles given the various items of your MISCELLANY columns?" Answer: the writer gives the item the heading he likes best, and hopes the editors agree. If they do not, it is changed. This becomes a sort of game. If the writer gets 50% of his headings passed, he considers his batting average pretty good.

The next step is the choice of which items are going to run in the magazine. Apart from editorial preference, part of the elimination comes in checking. An item may fall in the wastebasket because the facts do not check, or because it may turn out to be weeks or months old. There was, for example, an item from Arkansas that looked fine on paper: in South Africa, forest rangers had a problem with leopards, which were eating all the pigs, which had been imported to eat caterpillars, which had been eating pine trees, and the rangers still needed the leopards to keep down the baboon population. On checking, the item turned out to be a two-year-old false rumor. Sometimes, however, an item improves in checking. For example, when we double-checked a suggestion about a Boston dancer who had consumed a monstrous, \$12 restaurant breakfast, we found it was not only true, but that she had done it again a week later (TIME, Dec. 17, 1951).

Since the MISCELLANY section requires tight writing, the exercise of editorial judgment and extreme checking for accuracy, it is often used as a training spot for new TIME writers. Current MISCELLANY writer is Manhattan-born Peter Braestrup, whose miscellaneous early achievements include: learning to read *Robinson Crusoe* in Danish at the age of seven (tutored by his grandfather, who was head of the Danish penal system); at the age of twelve, writing a 248-page novel (unpublished) called *Johnny the Guy* ("which antedated Mickey Spillane"). When he first started writing MISCELLANY, Braestrup, a Marine Corps veteran of the Korean War, coined his own description of the assignment: "A boot camp for writers."

Cordially yours,

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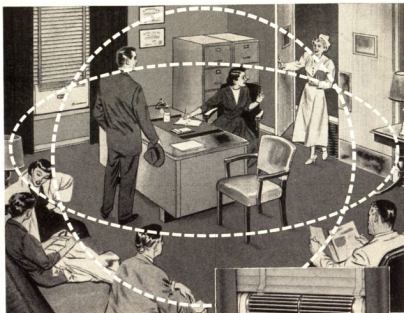
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Whatever Is Necessary

With some nervousness the U.S. approached next week's opening of the Geneva Conference with the Communists on the Far East. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, on a quick trip to Europe, had made progress in the essential matter of reaching agreement with Britain and France on the basic position of the three Western powers (see FOREIGN NEWS). But the trip left him no time to brief Congress, which felt that the U.S. position on the Far East was unclear. Capitol Hill wanted more information. The uneasiness was intensified by the course of the war in Indo-China. If the French position continued to get worse, what was the U.S. going to do about it?

No Further Retreat. With the President vacationing in Georgia and Dulles resting on an island in Lake Ontario, Vice President Richard Nixon stepped up at a meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington's Statler Hotel to explain the U.S. attitude. In his formal speech, Nixon said: "There is no reason why French forces should not remain in Indo-China and win. They have greater manpower and a tremendous advantage over their adversaries, particularly in air power." The great "problem," however, is one of "spirit." Heart and will to win are essential; French and Vietnamese forces must be given encouragement to fight and resist.

"France," said Nixon, "is tired of the war, as we were tired of Korea . . . Some say that if the French get out, the Vietnamese will fight with more spirit because they would be fighting for their independence. But the Vietnamese lack the ability to conduct a war by themselves or to govern themselves. If the French withdraw, Indo-China will become Communist-dominated within a month."

An editor promptly asked a key question: What will the U.S. do if the French withdraw? Replied Nixon: The U.S. as a leader of the free world cannot afford further retreat in Asia. It is hoped that the U.S. can avoid direct involvement in Indo-China. But if there is no other recourse, the Administration will have to face up to the situation and send troops.

This statement made headlines, partly because of confusion about whether or not the statement could be regarded as an official expression of policy (see PRESS). Actually, it was a restatement of what has

long been implicit in the policy of the Eisenhower Administration.

No Proclaimed Exclusions. After Dean Acheson, in a speech to Washington's National Press Club in January 1950, excluded Korea from the area that the U.S. intended to defend, the Communists attacked there. That hard lesson taught the U.S. how dangerous it was to exclude



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
The implicit became explicit.

any part of the free world from a publicly proclaimed defense perimeter. The Eisenhower policy is to be very cautious with commitments about where the U.S. will send troops—and much more cautious about commitments of where it will not send troops.

Nixon's sense-making answer was supplemented this week by Dulles' statement that he considered it unlikely that U.S. troops would actually have to be sent to Indo-China.

For Geneva, and for a basic understanding of U.S. policy, the nub of Nixon's speech was that the U.S. and the free world could not afford any more losses to Communism in Asia, and that the U.S. intended to do whatever was necessary to stop any other Communist advance.

THE PRESIDENCY

Baseballs & Easter Eggs

On a dazzling spring afternoon last week, Ike and Mamie Eisenhower joined 27,000-odd other Washingtonians at Griffith Stadium for the opening baseball game between the Washington Senators and the New York Yankees. They sat on either side of old (84) Clark Griffith, owner of the Senators, and the President satisfied tradition by throwing out the first ball of the season.* On his left hand, he wore a fielder's mitt which Griffith handed him. Ike, using an odd type of knuckle grip, threw the ball to Yankee Pitcher Johnny Sain so quickly that some photographers missed it. "One more," they cried, and Ike obliged with a fast one to Rookie Gonzalo Naranjo. "Throw it back," called the President, and Naranjo did. Then, feeling very pleased with himself, Ike pitched the ball once more to Naranjo. Baseball historians agreed that it was the first time a President had ever played catch at an opening game.

"Wonderful Home Run." The game, an unexpected thriller, caught up both Ike and Mamie in the excitement that it provided. By the time Washington took the lead, 3-2, Mr. & Mrs. Eisenhower had each accepted sticks of chewing gum from Griffith. In the third inning, they both had Cokes in paper cups, and Mamie dipped into a box of Cracker Jack as she watched the game. When the Yankees tied it up, 3-3 in the ninth, the excitement in the presidential box mounted perceptibly, and in the tenth, when Washington's Mickey Vernon finally polished off the game (5-3) with a sizzling home run over the right-field fence, Ike stood up and pounded his fist in his hand, and Mamie hugged and kissed Griffith. As the triumphant Washington players gathered around Vernon, Ike leaned precariously over the edge of his box and shook Vernon's hand. "Wonderful," he said. "Wonderful home run."

After the game, Ike and Mamie drove to National Airport where the presidential plane *Columbine* was standing by to take the President to his favorite retreat at the Augusta National Golf Club for an Easter vacation. The plane landed in Georgia two

* In New York City two days later, Mayor Robert Wagner refused to pitch the traditional first ball at the Yankees' first home game because he did not want to cross an American Federation of Musicians picket line at Yankee Stadium. Bronx Borough President James J. Lyons came in as a relief pitcher for the mayor.

hours later. For two days April rains hampered Ike's golfing, but at last the sun came out and the President was able to play with a new partner: Lumber Salesman Billy Jo Patton, the sensational amateur from Morgantown, N.C., who finished third, right behind Sam Snead and Ben Hogan, in the recent Masters Tournament. Patton returned to Augusta after the Masters' especially to meet Ike, and together they trounced their opponents, Club Chairman Cliff Roberts and Columbus, Ga. Broker William Zimmerman. Ike carded a respectable 88 and Billy Jo had a sensational 68, including five birdies.

On Holy Thursday, Major John Eisenhower and his family planned in from Fort Benning to complete the family circle, and Ike mixed his special half-holiday formula of work and play: a few hours of official business each morning and a daily round of golf, larded with interludes of play with the grandchildren and a rubber or two of bridge each evening.

Quick on the Trigger. At 6 o'clock Easter morning, the three children rose to inspect Easter baskets and search for eggs in the house and later in the woods behind the presidential cottage. After breakfast, the grownups, dressed in their Easter finery, went to church. Afterward, the President laid the cornerstone for a new church building. A building contractor in the crowd commented on his dexterity with the silver trowel, "I used to do it on the farm," Ike explained with a grin.

Grandson David, 6, was waiting on the lawn when the Eisenhowers returned to the cottage for an appointment with the photographers. "See that David's hat is not resting on his ears," called Mamie. The President inspected the cap, decided

it was fine, and he and Grandson David pulled a carefully rehearsed stunt on the waiting photographers. They strolled together, very casually, across the lawn. Suddenly Ike clapped his hands, David whirled, flipped open his jacket and pulled out a long-barreled western cap pistol. Then he snapped his trigger at the photographers. On the second try, he got off his shot in four seconds.

After his granddaughters and the rest of the family emerged, Ike slipped away with John Eisenhower. Within 20 minutes, they were on the links.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Gathering Storm

Another week of busy marching and jockeying resulted in little net headway for the McCarthy v. Army investigation. But the footwork was typically intense.

In a closed meeting of the committee charged with probing the dispute, Acting Chairman Karl Mundt requested both sides to present him with formal specifications of their complaints. Joe McCarthy's precocious Counsel Roy Cohn represented his boss, who was in Arizona treating a throat infection with dry desert air. Senator McCarthy had made no charges against the Army, said Cohn, but would merely answer the Army's accusations.

That did not fool the Mundt committee's Counsel Ray Jenkins for an instant. McCarthy had charged the Army with "blackmail," he snapped, and if Cohn did not want to write out the details, he, Jenkins, would. Cohn backtracked, agreed to supply the information.

Next day copies of the Army's "bill of particulars" against McCarthy & Co.

were circulated around Capitol Hill. Inevitably the bill leaked out to newsmen. To prevent further "piecemeal leaks," Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington, a committee Democrat, released the full text. McCarthy, himself a skillful practitioner of the calculated leak, cried foul. Cohn trumpeted a threat to obstruct the investigation, and demanded an investigation of the leaks. Later he withdrew the threat.

An Imposing Portfolio. The bill of particulars, which named names, dates, places and circumstances, began bluntly: "The Department of the Army alleges that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy as Chairman of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations . . . and its chief counsel, R. M. Cohn, as well as other members of its staff, sought by improper means to obtain preferential treatment for one Pvt. G. David Schine." It repeated much of the story told last month in the Army's report on favor-seeking for Private Gerard David Schine and added a few new incidents. It grouped the Army's charges into 29 parts, which added up to an imposing portfolio of incidents and sequences of actions, including:

¶ Demands that Private Schine be assigned to special work in New York: by Cohn, 8; by McCarthy, 6.

¶ Demands for special privileges for Schine: by Cohn, 9; by McCarthy, 2.

¶ Threats that failure to give in to the demands would result in 1) extended investigation of the Army, or 2) dire consequences to Army Secretary Stevens and other Army personnel: by Cohn, 14; by McCarthy, 3.

A Rare Exception. Against these charges, a defensive McCarthy salient was sketched out by his request to the Pentagon for the number of times since Pearl Harbor that Congressmen have intervened with the armed forces on behalf of servicemen. McCarthy's request made no distinction between incidents of legitimate congressional concern for constituents and demands accompanied by threats of reprisal against the armed-service departments. The Pentagon answered that demands for special treatment of individuals are "rare." Navy Secretary Robert Anderson, reflecting the view of the three services, said he knew of no case in which a Congressman "has persisted in a request for action . . . which in equity and good conscience could not be done." Said Secretary Stevens: "The case involving Private Schine is an exception."

Meanwhile, senatorial opinion hardened on the role that McCarthy should have in this week's hearings. Chairman Mundt announced that Joe should not be allowed to sit as a committee member because, under the committee's rules, that would permit him to question witnesses, a privilege that would be denied to Army lawyers. If McCarthy refuses to withdraw, the issue would probably be taken to the Senate floor, but no one thought Joe would want to risk a rebuke by a roll-call vote of the whole Senate.



Associated Press

THE OPENING PITCH
After the knuckle ball, a wonderful home run.

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

His Life & Times

You have no idea how repugnant this is—to go over my life. It is impossible to be completely candid. It's an art and it takes technique, and you have to learn it. If you've lived a life that isn't free and open with people, it's almost impossible to unsmile it, to unravel the ball of twine.

SO said Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer to an interviewer in 1948. Last week Oppenheimer's life—not merely the pros & cons of the security risk charges against him, but the whole development of his mind and character—became a matter of interest, more than ever before, to those who shared with him an uneasy habitation of the planet.

His contemporaries were already keenly aware of him as a genius of physics, the leader in the making of the A-bomb. Less sharply, they understood that he was a leader in another sense, that he had become a symbol of a new mood among physicists (and many other scientists), a mood that alternated between their old self-confidence and profound new doubts. The Oppenheimer who symbolized this mood had become a power in the highest policy councils of the nation, partly because of the national dependence on him and the men for whom he stood, partly by the force of his personality. His genius, perhaps, was not confined to physics. It was more or less publicly known that the star of his influence on policy had been in decline for several years, that he had been on the losing side of several muffled controversies that might decide the destiny of the republic. Then last week came the news that he had been suspended from Government posts, because of doubts cast upon him as a security risk (TIME, April 19).

With that shocking news came an extraordinary document: Oppenheimer's answer to the Atomic Energy Commission's letter suspending him. He wrote a 43-page autobiographical sketch, because "the items of so-called 'degradatory information' set forth in your letter cannot be fairly understood except in the context of my life and work." Oppenheimer's letter shone with literary brilliance; the strength of his personality leaped out from the page. It was especially moving to men and women in the same age bracket as Oppenheimer (he is 50). Many men ten years older or ten years younger did not fully understand him. His letter was an account of a strange period of history, the decades 1920-50—not so much of their strange events but of even stranger states of mind. His story was an extreme example of what had happened in that period to a large body of the world's intellectuals.

Yet, as Oppenheimer would be the first to admit, no man's account of himself need or should be taken as the last word. Drawing heavily upon his letter to the AEC, upon other things he has said and written, upon information from his friends and enemies, upon his record and the record of his time, here is an account of Robert Oppenheimer.

A GOTH—BUT SURPRISINGLY A GOTH

"I was born in New York in 1904," Oppenheimer wrote to the AEC. "My father had come to this country at the age of 17 from Germany. He was a successful businessman and quite active in community affairs. . . . I attended the Ethical

Culture School and Harvard College, which I entered in 1922." A classmate recalls that, as a third- or fourth-grader, Robert made one of his infrequent trips to the playground. A child threw a ball out of the lot, and the school director admonished the youngsters, telling them they might have injured a passerby. Robert immediately calculated the probable force with which the ball had struck the sidewalk, demonstrating that its velocity could not have hurt anyone. In high school, he learned calculus. He became interested in Greek, and within three months could read Sophocles without a dictionary.

When he was five, his grandfather had aroused in Robert an interest in minerals. He had a sailboat which he named *Trimethy*—after trimethylene bichloride, a compound for which he had apparently developed an attachment.

Of his social life at the Ethical Culture School, he once said: "It is characteristic that I don't remember any of my classmates. I was a somewhat repugnant brat."

Despite the intense intellectual activity of his precocious days, Harvard affected him as an opening of gates to an intellectual paradise. Later, he called his Harvard experience "the most exciting time I've ever had in my life. It was like the Goths coming into Rome." Said he: "I really had a chance to learn. I loved it. I almost came alive. I took more courses than I was supposed to, lived in the stacks, just raided the place intellectually."

Why did Oppenheimer, who had devoured so much more learning than the typical American Gothic freshman, consider himself, of all people, a Goth? Why did this young man, apparently quivering with life, bless Harvard for bringing him "almost alive"? Did learning somehow cut him off from life instead of doing its normal job of bringing him closer to it? If so, that was not because Oppenheimer concentrated on technical studies. He decided that physics was his first interest,

but he did not enter into that austere and noble priesthood, as some did, without exposure to the world of ideas that lay beyond and around it. At Harvard, the youth who had already met Sophocles, and was later to be bewildered and surprised by the evil in the world, discovered Dante and pored over French literature.

The future leader of men, whose high-school classmates had made no impression on him, made little impression on his college classmates. The class yearbook has a one-line entry on Oppenheimer: "In college three years as undergraduate."

Robert Oppenheimer continued his studies in the U.S. and abroad. When he returned from Europe in 1929, already recognized as a physicist of great promise, he accepted concurrent appointments at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena and the University of California in Berkeley. He knew he did not want to live in New York City, holding it to be not typically American. He loved the West, its distances and its solitudes. He loved to ride horseback in the desert.

At this point, the Gothic strain in him was still strong, but his was obviously not the ignorance of the unlettered and the hard-used. His was the ignorance of channeled, unconnected learning and the false confidence of the overprotected. This

* His attorney in the current hearings, Lloyd K. Garrison of New York.



DR. OPPENHEIMER & LAWYER*
Out of a strange period of history.

peculiar character of the self-made Goth was also in the world around him. Later, Oppenheimer summed it up: "When I got out of school and went ahead, I felt very sympathetic with the nihilist spirit of these times. My life as a child had not prepared me in any way for the fact that there are bitter and cruel things." Not even Sophocles. If a boy could calculate the velocity of a ball, the ball couldn't hurt anyone.

THE SECOND AWAKENING

In his letter to the AEC, Oppenheimer tells of his life in California: "My friends both in Pasadena and Berkeley were mostly faculty people, scientists, classicists and artists. I studied and read Sanskrit with Arthur Ryder . . . I was not interested in and did not read about economics or politics. I was almost wholly divorced from the contemporary scene in this country. I never read a newspaper or current magazine . . . I had no radio, no telephone . . . I was interested in man and his experience. I was deeply interested in my science, but I had no understanding of the relations of man to his society . . ."

Oppenheimer stresses the negative aspects of his isolation. Even today, he does not express a sense that something positive—in him or his times or both—blinded his restless mind to what has been obvious for ages to every human clod: that man's experience necessarily includes "the relations of man to his society."

Yet at this time Oppenheimer was continuing his avid non-scientific reading. Along with the Sanskrit came Roman Catholic exegetical works and Dostoevsky. Some of Oppenheimer's friends refer to this as his "ivory-tower period." Yet the communication facilities to that tower were impressive. Dostoevsky could have told him more of what he needed to know about the world of the 1930s than Oppenheimer was likely to have discovered by becoming a subscriber of the telephone company or buying a radio set. But Dostoevsky did not get through; there was some positive interference on the line. When awareness of public evil came, it burst upon him as a thunderclap. His letter to the AEC says:

"Beginning in late 1936, my interests began to change . . . I had had a continuing smoldering fury about the treatment of Jews in Germany . . . I saw what the Depression was doing to my students . . . I began to feel the need to participate more fully in the life of the community. But I had no framework of political conviction or experience to give me perspective in these matters . . ."

"The matter which most engaged my sympathies and interests was the war in Spain. This was not a matter of understanding and informed convictions. I had never been in Spain; I knew a little of its literature; I knew nothing of its history or politics or contemporary problems. But like a great many other Americans, I was emotionally committed to the Loyalist cause . . . The end of the war and the defeat of the Loyalists caused me great sorrow.

"It was probably through Spanish relief efforts that I met Dr. Thomas Addis . . . a distinguished medical scientist who became a friend. Addis asked me . . . to contribute through him to the Spanish cause. He made it clear that this money, unlike that which went to the relief organizations, would go straight to the fighting effort and that it would go through Communist channels. I did so contribute . . . I did not then regard the Communists as dangerous, and some of their declared objectives seemed to me desirable.

"In time, these contributions came to an end. I went to a big Spanish relief party the night before Pearl Harbor, and the next day, as we heard the news of the outbreak of war, I decided that I had had about enough of the Spanish cause, and that there were other and more pressing crises in the world . . ."

"It was in the summer of 1939 in Pasadena that I first met my wife. She was married to Dr. Harrison, who was . . . on the California Institute of Technology staff. I learned of her earlier marriage to Joe Dallet and of his death fighting in Spain. He had been a Communist Party official, and for a year or two during their brief marriage my wife was a Communist Party member. When I met her, I found in her . . . a certain disappointment and contempt that the Communist Party was not in fact what she had once thought it was.

"By the time we moved to Los Alamos in early 1943, both

as the result of my changed views and of the great pressure of war work, my participation in left-wing organizations and my association with left-wing circles had ceased, and were never to be re-established."

The story of Oppenheimer's prewar Communist associations was known to the Government, in its essentials and most of its details (as now stated by the AEC), when Oppenheimer was appointed to head the Los Alamos atomic laboratory in early 1943. There is no question of pro-Communist sympathy on the part of Lieut. General Leslie Groves, who appointed him and who last week reaffirmed his belief in Oppenheimer's loyalty.

For an understanding of Oppenheimer and his time, the significant point is not that he sided with the Communist faction of the Spanish Loyalists, but that this was the first political position he ever took.

Throughout most of the Western world in the 1930s, the main body of intellectuals were for Communism as the antithesis of fascism. With the confidence of self-made Goths who had cut themselves off from the politics of civilization, they developed an emotional commitment to a political system that called itself scientific. In Germany, as it happened, thousands of the best-educated men, contemptuous of politics in the early 1930s, committed themselves to fascism. The process was the same. What mattered was not which bad side they chose, but that the self-made Goths were so politically ignorant and so powerful inside the gates of civilization.

Oppenheimer's awakening in the late 1930s brought him within the gates. He had discovered society. His Los Alamos job was by no means merely one of physical theory. He now reviews it for the AEC: "To recruit staff, I traveled all over the country . . . The notion of disappearing into the New Mexico desert for an indeterminate period and under quasi-military auspices disturbed a good many scientists and the families of many more." But a "sense of excitement, of devotion and of patriotism in the end prevailed. Most of those with whom I talked came to Los Alamos . . ." Oppenheimer had not only discovered society; he had discovered leadership, and his own unsuspected powers to exercise it.

When on July 16, 1945, the first mushroom cloud rose above Alamogordo's sands, Oppenheimer awakened to another reality. Said he: "In some crude sense which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin, and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose."

In this sense of sin, some of the physicists wallowed inertly. Not Oppenheimer. The man who had been almost unaware of society and politics in 1936 was by 1945 ready to expiate what he thought was sin by trying to change in a most fundamental manner the politics of the world. Writing in *Foundations for World Order* in 1947, Oppenheimer looked back to the hopes that he and his followers shared in 1945. He wrote: "It seemed to us in this work that there was a magnificent opportunity to exploit such scientific foundations for world order as do appear to exist . . . In other words, we could get people working together for an organization which was not responsive, in the first instance, to the national will of the sovereign states. . . . We not only wanted to start down the path of genuine internationalization, of which the ultimate goal, I suppose, is world government; we wanted also to minimize things which we were sure would in and of themselves not work; the purely negative, repressive measures toward atomic energy which had been so much talked about—measures like inspections and prohibition and so on."

The newest Oppenheimer was no man to stop with a mere statement of political aspirations. He moved into the politics of the atom. He had learned Greek in three months, was it impossible for him to learn as quickly how defense policy should be shaped, how international relations should be conducted, how war could be avoided? Whether he really understood his new interest is an open question. But he certainly learned to read the political book without a dictionary.

In the fight for civilian v. military control of the atom, Oppenheimer became a powerful factor. He took his place as chairman of the General Advisory Committee to the AEC. He was the dominant author of the 1946 Acheson-Lilienthal plan for international atomic control. David Lilienthal said of him:

"He is the only authentic genius I know," Dean Acheson said that the two greatest minds he had ever met were Lord Keynes and Robert Oppenheimer. Those estimates measure his influence in postwar Washington. His most devoted followers and the source of much of his strength were the scientists still caught up in military work. He was their hope, and they were his. He called scientists in general "a limited but magnificent example of a real international fraternity."

SEEDS OF SUSPICION

But even this fraternity was not proof against evil and the suspicion of evil. Last week a curious crack in the fraternity of liberal scientists came to light with the publication of an attack upon Oppenheimer made in 1949 by Dr. Edward U. Condon, then head of the National Bureau of Standards. Condon himself was attacked as a security risk and is revered as a martyr by those who consider all security investigations of scientists as "witch hunts." On June 7, 1949, Oppenheimer testified at a secret session of the House Un-American Activities Committee investigating Dr. Bernard Peters, a fellow atomic scientist.

Q. Do you recall making a statement to one of the security officers of the Manhattan Project to the effect that Dr. Peters was a dangerous man and quite Red?

A. I made that statement to Dr. De Sylva.

Q. And also that his background was full of incidents that would point toward direct action?

A. I would not have remembered it in such detail, but I recognize it.

Q. Will you elaborate?

A. Dr. Peters was, I think, a German national. He was a member of the German national Communist Party. He was imprisoned by the Nazis and escaped by a miracle . . . He arrived in California and violently denounced the Communist Party as being a do-nothing party.

Questions from this testimony appeared soon thereafter in the Rochester *Times-Union*. It brought an extraordinary reaction from Dr. Condon. From Echo Lake Lodge, Colo., Condon wrote his wife in Washington. He began by saying: "I want you to get Martin and Izzy over to the house and let them read this letter. Tell them I will not pass the data on to any other radio or news person. The story that is developing will be one of the biggest of the year if what I suspect is correct."

Condon's news, obviously intended to be got into print: because Oppenheimer had testified against a man he thought had been a Communist, he must be losing his mind. Wrote Condon: "I understand that Oppie has been in a very high state of nervous tension in the last few weeks. People from Princeton say that he seems to be in a great state of strain for fear he himself will be attacked. Of course he knows that he has so much of a record of leftist activities . . . It appears that he is trying to buy personal immunity from attack by turning informer . . . Some think that Fulton J. Sheen may soon announce another distinguished convert . . ."

"If Oppie is really becoming unbalanced, it can have very complicated consequences . . . If he cracks up, it will certainly be a great tragedy. I only hope he does not drag down too many others with him . . ."

Four days later, Condon wrote Oppenheimer. Said he, in part: "You are tempted to feel that you are so foolish as to think you can buy immunity for yourself by turning informer. I hope that this is not true. You know very well that once these people decide to go into your own dossier and make it public that it will make the revelations that have been made so far look pretty tame."

On July 5, 1949, Oppenheimer wrote to the *Times-Union*. Said he: "From the published article, one might conclude that Dr. Peters had advocated the violent overthrow of the constitutional government of the U.S. He has given an eloquent denial of this in his published statement. I believe his statement . . ."

"I wish to make public my profound regret that anything said in that context should have been so misconstrued and abused that it would damage Dr. Peters and threaten his distinguished future career as a scientist . . ."

* Dr. Condon concluded his letter: "Let me know by wire if you have not received this letter by Sunday."

Condon's letter, of course, proved nothing against Oppenheimer's loyalty or integrity. But it did prove that McCarthy has no monopoly of smearing, and that one liberal scientist could impute the basest motives to another member of the great international fraternity.

THE H-BOMB FIGHT

Oppenheimer's first really severe setback as the Statesman of the Atom came in the fight over whether to make the H-bomb. Here is how Oppenheimer tells the story in his letter to the AEC: "No serious controversy arose about the Super [the H-bomb] until the Soviet explosion of the atomic bomb in the autumn of 1949. Shortly after that event, in October 1949, the Atomic Energy Commission called a special session of the General Advisory Committee and asked us to consider and advise on two related questions: 'First, whether in view of the Soviet success, the commission's program was adequate, and, if not, in what way it should be altered or increased; second, whether a 'crash' program for the development of the Super should be a part of any new program . . ."

"The GAC stated its unanimous opposition to the initiation by the U.S. of a crash program of the kind we had been asked to advise on . . . I think I am correct in asserting that the unanimous opposition we expressed to the crash program was based on the conviction, to which technical considerations as well as others contributed, that because of our overall situation at that time such a program might weaken rather than strengthen the position of the U.S. . . . I never urged anyone not to work on the hydrogen-bomb project . . ."

The public record contains not nearly enough information to determine whether Oppenheimer's version or the charge that he tried to block the H-bomb is true; the H-bomb charge would be disputed before the panel headed by former Army Secretary Gordon Gray, which opened hearings last week on the Oppenheimer case. It is known that Oppenheimer was the strongest man in a group whose opposition to the H-bomb was supported by moral and political (as well as technical) arguments. It is also clear that Oppenheimer, in his role as strategist and statesman, powerfully opposed the doctrine of the Strategic Air Command that the main reliance of the U.S., in preventing a war or in winning a war, was the capability of retaliation against Russia with the most effective atomic weapons that can be built.

This doctrine has long been the keystone of U.S. defense policy. President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles have clarified it and built around it a firmer U.S. foreign policy.

That he opposes this policy does not mean that Oppenheimer is disloyal. Indeed, the Vice President of the U.S., Richard Nixon, last week went out of his way to express his belief in Oppenheimer's loyalty. But Oppenheimer's kind of politics and his peculiar power arouse violent antagonism.

A sense of moral responsibility concerning war is not limited to atomic scientists. Most generals have that sense and so do most nonscientific civilians at the top layers of Government. They do not feel it as "a sense of sin." Most of them have borne this sense of responsibility as citizens, soldiers or officials for many years. This fact does not make them more right or more loyal than Oppenheimer. Or less so.

It may be that the real basis of the bitter conflict that culminated in the charges against Oppenheimer were laid before the finger of suspicion was pointed at him. His mood in 1945 was one of deep conviction that he and his colleagues had to change the world, that they had to triumph over men who might, through stupidity and immorality, betray society—which Oppenheimer, at least, had only recently discovered, and which had become precious to him, as his salvation from what he considered the sin of Alamogordo.

It is possible—and for thousands of years men have known this—to develop pride out of a sense of guilt. Many of the military and civilian officials whom Oppenheimer opposed sensed in him an arrogant desire to take into his own hands the destiny of society. Perhaps they were wrong to think this of him. Even if they were right, disloyalty may not be the relevant accusation. However he came to his present ordeal, J. Robert Oppenheimer's life is a bitter parable of a bitter time.

HOUSING

The Loan Scandals

Dwight Eisenhower is passionately determined to keep the breath of scandal away from his Administration. Last week this determination erupted into the firing of the Federal Housing Commissioner, Guy T. O. Hollyday, though no one suspected him of wrongdoing. Eisenhower simply got impatient at what he considered Hollyday's too-relaxed attitude toward old scandals in the FHA.

Section 608. The President's indignation was fixed on rackets that have been well known for years. They grew out of two much-abused FHA regulations. The first, known as Section 608, provided FHA insurance for as much as 90% of mortgages on rental housing projects. It was designed to break, and did break, the back of the postwar housing emergency by deliberately encouraging bankers to be generous in their loans to builders. Section 608 lapsed in 1950—but not before many unscrupulous builders had taken advantage of its bountiful provisions.

Often a builder could get a high mortgage under Section 608 and then build for much less than the face value of his loan. Then he could sell his new property, with the new owner assuming obligation for the full mortgage, and pocket the loan savings. The windfalls were breathtaking. One firm got \$24 million in loans for an apartment project. It did the job for \$20 million and pocketed the difference.

Scandal No. 2 involved the home improvement loan program, known as Title I. Under this program, FHA guaranteed more than 16,500,000 loans to homeowners for repairs. With inadequate funds, and without permission from Congress to inspect each loan, the FHA had been forced to rely on the prudence of banks to uphold ethical standards. In many instances, the reliance was misplaced. Con men and crooked contractors have made millions from overvalued loans for slapdash or nonexistent repairs.

An Injured Bystander. The mortgage scandals were clearly no fault of Hollyday's since Section 608 had lapsed in the Truman Administration, three years before he took office. In the Title I scandals, he had been hamstrung by FHA's inability to inspect the repair loans it was required by law to guarantee. Last fall Hollyday took the only course left to him: he issued regulations requiring banks to take more responsibility for loans, and asked the FBI to investigate abuses.

President Eisenhower got word that Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd was about to make the old scandals more public than they already were. Ike wanted to beat Byrd to the draw. Hollyday was the victim.

The FHA chief was speechmaking in Trenton, N.J., when his dismissal was announced. He got the official word by telephone from Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams an hour later, and dutifully sat down in his hotel room to write

the requested resignation. A new acting commissioner, Norman P. Mason, a Massachusetts lumber dealer, was named to head FHA before Hollyday's resignation reached Washington.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Happy Ending

Few parents ever faced a more heart-breaking decision than that which last spring confronted Rumanian-born Valeriu Georgescu, a Standard Oil (N.J.) executive, and his wife in New York. For six years—ever since being banned from their native land by its Communist government—they had not seen their two sons. For two years the letters they hopefully addressed to the children back in Rumania had gone unanswered. But when one Christache Zambeti (TIME, June 8), first secretary of the Rumanian Popular Republic Legation in Washington, offered to release the boys if their father would become a Red spy, the Georgescus stoutly and honorably refused.

Another Kind of Fix. They also refused to give up hope. After the U.S. Government broadcast their story to the world, the Georgescus redoubled their efforts to rescue their sons. They had help. Ohio's Congresswoman Frances Bolton approached Russia's Andrei Vishinsky at a U.N. reception in New York. She got nowhere. "Oh," said Vishinsky, "Rumania is not my country." But she did not give up, took the Georgescus to see Under Secretary of State Bedell Smith. As a result, a personal letter from President Eisenhower was delivered to Rumanian Prime Minister Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej last February.

Back in Rumania the two boys, Constantin, now 19, and Peter, 15, were rounding out seven years of uncertain and in-

creasingly dreary existence. They had been left with their grandparents in the village of Lipova back in 1947 when the Georgescus set out on what they believed would be a short business trip to New York. They were not molested for three years. But in 1950 their grandfather was carried off by the police. Ten months later the boys and their grandmother were put under house arrest in a dirt-floored, one-room hovel in a distant town.

As children of a "capitalist," they were refused further education, and set, under police supervision, to learning trades. In 1952 they were moved to another village, put to farm labor. But in March both the boys and their grandmother were freed and taken to Bucharest. Costa and Peter got travel certificates and were finally delivered to the U.S. legation.

"So Civilized." In little longer than the "twinking of an eye" so popular in older fairy tales, they were in Munich, and Father Georgescu—who had been notified of their release while on a business trip to Ankara, Turkey, and had flown to meet them—was clasping them in his arms. Twenty-six hours later, after a transatlantic flight, they were hugging their pretty, 46-year-old mother in New York.

For days there was near-bedlam in the Georgescus' big, well-appointed New York apartment; the living room was banked with flowers sent by well-wishers, the telephone rang and rang, letters and telegrams poured in from all over the country. Father, mother and sons were whisked from one radio and TV station to another for guest appearances. None of them seemed to mind. The boys were amazed and delighted by New York: "So organized, so civilized." The parents were amazed and delighted by their big handsome sons. "We want," beamed Mrs. Georgescu, "to share our joy with everyone."

H-HOUR AT ELUGELAB

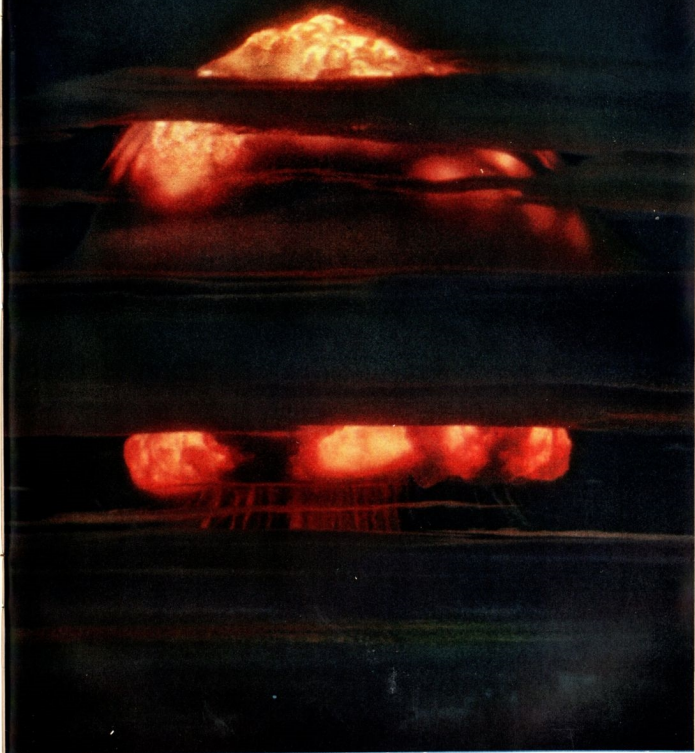
THE cloud itself was kind of rough," wrote a sailor, "yet it looked smooth—something like a cauliflower." Poets were not invited to Operation Ivy to witness the dawn of the hydrogen age, so it was as a cauliflower that the H-bomb's first cloud was trademarked last week—a realistic if nonpoetic progression in vegetables from the A-bomb's first mushroom.

Ivy's explosion broke the stillness of a mid-Pacific morning on Nov. 1, 1952; at 7:15 a.m., observers on ships and planes 50 miles away watched an enormous deep-orange fireball blaze up in the distance. Then it rose to the stratosphere, trailed by a churning grey-brown pillar of water and the pulverized remains of the little sandspit of Elugelab. As the cloud cooled, it began to billow outward. Its colors lost their infernal intensity, paled to harmless-looking but deadly pastels. Then, slowly the 100-mile-wide cauliflower drifted away and disappeared.

For more than a year, the public heard only rumors and skimpy statistics about Operation Ivy, the first full-dress thermonuclear explosion. Then, last winter, the U.S. Government decided to release the full story. President Eisenhower, speaking of atomic development, told the United Nations that "the peoples of the world . . . must be armed with the significant facts of today's existence." The shapes and colors of Operation Ivy are part of the story which the Government is gradually releasing. Three weeks ago, the press published some statistics about the blast, along with black and white photographs. Some still cuts from color motion pictures followed. On the next four pages, TIME publishes the first color pictures taken with a still camera of the explosion at Elugelab.

FIREBALL SURGES SKYWARD, SECONDS AFTER BOMB EXPLODED —>

OPERATION IVY: THE H-BOMB





RADIOACTIVE CLOUD, boiling and expanding with hot gases, balloons through layers of vapor clouds, sucking tons of coral,



water and debris upward in its ten-mile-high stem. Picture was taken from observation plane 50 miles from site of detonation.



FLATTENED MUSHROOM, high in the stratosphere on thick stem rearing 25 miles above Pacific Ocean, begins to churn outward to form cloud that spread 100 miles across.

WEATHER

Rain!

*Interlocutor: "All this country needs is a little water and some good people."
Mr. Bones: "That's all hell needs, too."*

For months, as high winds scourged their dry and drifting acres and gritty clouds hazed the sun, the farmers of the new dust bowl had prayed for rain. Last week black storm clouds churned over land that had known drought for four long years—over west Texas and the gasping Panhandle, over southern and western Oklahoma, over eastern New Mexico—and the water came drumming down. It rained for days. In many an area, the drought-stricken found themselves the victims of floods.

The sun-cracked bed of the Rio Grande River filled with a boiling torrent, and in the flat lands of the lower valley, 4,000 people were driven from their homes by the rising waters. Three cities and towns were flooded; the brown tide covered 50,000 acres. Most of the onion crop in the lower Rio Grande valley, a quarter of the tomato crop and 10% of the cantaloupes were ruined. Health officers labored day and night against the threat of typhoid, by week's end had inoculated 60,000 people.

The Heavenly Mud. The country around the little town of Lovington, N. Mex. got not only torrential rains but tons of window-cracking, chicken-killing hail. Power lines were knocked out, low-lying houses were inundated; in west Texas, schools closed and highways were awash with silt-brown water. At Snyder, Texas, an earthen dam, weakened by the long, dry spell, gave way: 50 oil-well sites were flooded out. Near Hobbs, N. Mex., 100 sheep marched into a flooded ditch and drowned en masse.

But for all its attendant discomfort and difficulty, the rain (which was torrential and damaging only in scattered areas) brought jubilation to the dust bowl. "It was a joy just to lie in bed listening [to it]," wrote Frank Grimes, the aged editor of the *Ablene (Texas) Reporter News*. "If you had been just a little younger, you'd have climbed out of bed and rushed into the yard to squish the heavenly mud between your toes and turn your face to the sky." Many a farmer did stand shivering happily in the open; at Brownfield, Texas, the high-school band staged an impromptu parade, and a pretty girl named Kay Kissinger was elected "Miss Drought Breaker of 1954."

The New Lease. The rains had hardly stopped before seed stores had a rush of buyers, and thousands of farmers—many of whom had not made a crop for three long years—were out on tractors hopefully preparing to plant cotton or sorghum. It was certain that miles of drear range would be green, at least for a time, this spring, and great areas of winter wheat that had escaped complete ruin got a new lease on life. Drought persisted in central and western Kansas, much of

southwestern and central Nebraska. Most of Colorado and New Mexico got little if any rain. Even the newly dampened land would need more rain to insure the crops that were being so blithely planted this week. "But," the *Amarillo Daily News* reported, "the people are grinning like a mule eating cactus."

CALIFORNIA

The Surprise

One hot, dull afternoon last week, Mrs. Inez Elizabeth Krone, a Bakersfield, Calif. housewife, drove out across the Kern County desert to spend an idle hour at shaded, oasis-like Hart Memorial Park. When she was six miles from Bakersfield on her way back, she saw a small young man in slacks and a white shirt



Bakersfield Californian

INEZ ELIZABETH KRONE
The pistol was in the trunk.

standing beside a stalled model A Ford. The road was empty of traffic. There were no houses for miles. Mrs. Krone, a friendly, matter-of-fact woman, slowed her 1951 Buick and asked through the open window if she could be of any help.

The stranded motorist, an unemployed machinist named Everett Silas Miller, did not answer until he had jerked open the door of her car and jumped in beside her. Then he said, "I'm lonesome." Describing what happened later, Mrs. Krone said: "He put his left arm around my shoulder and with his right hand he started pulling up my skirt." Was there any more conversation? "No sir," she told the Bakersfield coroner, "It was all action."

As her muscular assailant reached for her, Mrs. Krone stepped on the throttle, brought her left forearm down on the steering wheel horn ring, and pushed at him with her right hand. He grabbed the wheel and ran the car off the road. She opened the door, jumped out and ran. Miller leaped out after her, caught her,

knocked her down and dragged her back to the car. As he did so, she saw some horseback riders in the distance. She began to scream. Grappling with her, the man snarled, "If you ever try that again, I'll kill you." He forced her to open the trunk compartment of the car and ordered her to crawl in. She did. He slammed it shut.

For ten minutes, Mrs. Krone crouched in the stifling trunk on her hands and knees as the automobile jolted at high speed over rough roads. Then the car stopped. Miller got out and tried to open the trunk. He failed. Mrs. Krone had crawled in with the key in her hand, and the door had locked on closing. Cursing her wildly, he demanded that she pass the key out to him. He had driven the automobile to a high and lonely bluff overlooking the Kern River and he threatened to run it over the cliff if she refused.

She obeyed. She found a space between the trunk and the rear seat and pushed the key up into it. Miller took it, and triumphantly opened the trunk door. As she backed out, he seized one of her wrists and whirled her around. Mrs. Krone—who had found her husband's .22-caliber Smith & Wesson target pistol and a box of cartridges in the trunk, and had carefully slipped six cartridges into the cylinder during the wild ride—fired three times. One bullet missed. One hit her attacker in the hip. One passed directly through his heart. He staggered, gasped and dropped dead at her feet.

After the shooting, another woman and two children reported that Miller had also attempted to assault them. A coroner's jury found Mrs. Krone not guilty.

POLITICAL NOTES

McNamara's Whistle

For six months, Michigan's Democratic Governor Gerhard Mennen Williams kept the state's Democratic and Republican leaders on tenterhooks. Because the vote-getting governor would not say whether he planned to run for re-election or for a seat in the U.S. Senate, Democrats did not know where to aim, and Republicans could not decide which way to shoot. Last week "Soapy" Williams' politically profitable (for Williams) game came to an end.

The whistle was blown when a Detroit salesman and school-board member named Patrick Vincent McNamara (who in 1948 shook Detroit by calling fellow members of the city council "a lot of jerks") announced that he would run for the Democratic nomination for Senator. McNamara would never have taken that step if he thought his opponent would be Soapy Williams. Within a few hours, the word began to filter through political channels: Williams, who hopes to see his name on the Democratic national ticket in 1956, had decided to seek an unprecedented fourth term as governor. The Williams-blessed candidate for Senator will be former Senator Blair Moody, the newspaper correspondent (*Detroit News*) who was appointed to Arthur Vandenberg's seat by

Williams in 1951, then lost to Republican Charles Potter in 1952.

After a careful inspection of the Michigan political scene, politicians saw no one who could beat Soapy Williams. In the senatorial primary, Blair Moody seems a good bet to beat McNamara. But even Michigan Democrats doubt that Moody will be able to unseat Republican Senator Homer Ferguson in November.

The Lady from Bar 99

In the U.S. Senate's 165-year history, it has had just seven women members.* Last week an eighth name was added to the list. To fill the vacancy created by the death of Republican Dwight Palmer Griswold, Nebraska's Governor Robert B. Crosby appointed Mrs. Eva Bowring (rhymes with now ring), owner and operator of an 8,000-acre cattle ranch at Merriam, 315 miles northwest of Omaha.

Saleswoman, Horsewoman. The new Senator is a remarkable woman. Married at 19 to a blacksmith, she was widowed at 32 with three small sons. To support them, she became a traveling saleswoman, for more than four years fought her way over muddy and rutted Nebraska country

roads selling bakery supplies. In 1928, she remarried, and moved on to her husband's Bar 99 ranch in the Nebraska sandhills. She was told then that grass and trees would not grow in the sand, but her sprawling white ranch house now stands in a grove of hackberry and willow trees and on a velvet green lawn. Inside are her collections of Early American glass, beer steins, colonial furniture and needlework.

Since her second husband, Arthur Bowring, died in 1944, Mrs. Bowring has bossed the ranch. Equally at home in a western saddle or as the hostess at a formal dinner, she is up at 5 a.m. with the hands, often helps with branding, haying and riding the range. Last month, she missed the Nebraska Republican Founders' Day ceremonies because a sudden snowstorm came up and she was helping to drive some of her 700 Herefords 10 miles to a feed lot. Her philosophy: "I've not been one who thought the Lord should make life easy; I've just asked Him to make me strong."

Mrs. Bowring's interest in politics came from her second husband, for many years a county commissioner and a state legislator. (He once was appointed to the state legislature to succeed Dwight Griswold.) She was a Republican precinct worker for 20 years, then county chairman; since 1946, she has been vice chairman of the Nebraska Republican State Central Committee. To get to political meetings on the western Nebraska plains, she has traveled by plane, car, snow sled and on horseback. Says she: "I've gone to those meetings in everything but a manure spreader."

"To Kiss the Cattle Goodbye." When Governor Crosby announced her appointment, he said that he had spent two days

trying to persuade Mrs. Bowring to take it. At a press conference in the governor's office, she confirmed his statement: "He kept talking about the honor. But I told him it would be just a burden. I think that what really convinced me was myself. I've been saying for years that women should get into politics, and so when I got the chance, I just didn't feel I could turn it down." The way she plans to use that chance: "The Eisenhowers, Ike and Mamie, deserve all the support we can give. Nevertheless, I reserve the right to make some decisions myself."

A handsome, erect woman ("My grandmother always told me: 'Stand tall and spurn the earth'") with a weather-tanned face, Mrs. Bowring flew back to the ranch after the announcement "to kiss the cattle goodbye." Said she, with a characteristic twinkle: "They're about the only ones interested in kissing me any more." For her introduction to Washington, she adopted a rancher's formula: "I'm going to . . . ride the fence awhile . . . until I find where the gates are."

The new Senator has announced that she will not run for the full term. Leading contender in that race: Governor Crosby, who helped his own cause by appointing popular and respected Eve ("Everyone calls me 'Eve'") Bowring. Said one of the governor's aides: "I think we sewed up the women's vote with this one."

Mr. Retail v. the Professor

After the votes were counted in Illinois' primary elections last week, the nominees for the U.S. Senate were overflowing with diplomacy. Said Senator Paul Douglas, unopposed in the Democratic primary: "I'll wage my campaign without malice, and in good temper." Said Joseph T. Meek, the Chicago *Tribune*-supported candidate who beat eight other Republicans: "It's always been 'Paul' and 'Joe' between us."

Despite these muted statements, there was good reason to believe that the tone will grow considerably harsher as November approaches. For in Paul and Joe, Illinois voters nominated two candidates who offer a clear contrast.

Paul Douglas, onetime professor at the University of Chicago, is a toutsed scholar, a philosopher, an internationalist, a supporter of the New and Fair Deals. He thinks much of the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy is basically sound, but has serious doubts about its domestic policies.

Joe Meek, formerly a small-town merchant, is a well-combed, practical Midwestern businessman. He organized the Illinois Federation of Retail Associations in 1935, has been its president ever since. As such, he lobbies for his association's 60,000 retailer members, and is proud of it. Helping the cause of the small businessman, he believes, is the best way to promote long-term prosperity in the U.S. His favorite label for himself: "Mr. Retail."

To Chicagoan Meek, who fought unceasingly against wartime price controls,

* The seven: Georgia's Democrat Rebecca Latimer Felton, who served for two days in 1922; Arkansas' Democrat Hattie Caraway, who was appointed to succeed her husband in 1931, later was elected three times; Louisiana's Democrat Rose Long, who served a year after her husband, Huey, was assassinated in 1935; Alabama's Democrat Dixie Bibb Graves, appointed for five months in 1937; South Dakota's Republican (Miss) Gladys Pyle, elected for two months in 1938; South Dakota's Republican Vera C. Bushfield, who succeeded her husband for three months in 1948; Maine's Republican Margaret Chase Smith, elected in 1948 and the only woman now serving.



NEBRASKA'S SENATOR BOWRING
To find the gates, ride along the fence.

Lawrence Robinson—Omaha World-Herald

Paul Douglas is a "symbol of socialism." In contrast to the Douglas view, he thinks that most of the Eisenhower Administration's domestic policies are basically sound, but has some doubts about its foreign policies, e.g., he wants foreign aid cut sharply. He is close to Douglas on one, and probably no more than one, basic issue: both favor lower tariffs.

The battle between Douglas and Meek is likely to be bitter, and the result close. One major issue that neither man can control but each will try to use: the condition of the U.S. economy. Paul Douglas has been crying that the U.S. may be heading for a depression, has made the main issue of his campaign "the restoration of prosperity and substantially full employment." If the economy turns solidly upward before November, Mr. Retail will be able to saw off the Professor's self-made economic limb.

Decision in Texas

This week, after months of speculation, Texas' Governor Allan Shivers announced that he will seek what no other Texas governor has had: a third term. One big reason for his decision: conservative Democrats in Texas want to keep Eisenhower Supporter Shivers at the helm so the party leadership will not fall into New Dealing hands.

Man with Music

Next year South Carolina will swear in a new governor to replace old (74) James Francis Byrnes, who may not succeed himself under the state's one-term law. Last week, with the filing deadline past, the voters found the Democratic Primary (June 8) narrowed to two candidates.

Lester Lee Bates, 48, is a loud-talking, nondrinking, nonsmoking insurance-company president from Columbia. Bates, who ran a poor second to Byrnes in 1950, never stopped campaigning. Accompanied by a male quartet (later built up to a mixed octet), he has hustled around the state speaking at family reunions, barbecues, church dinners and almost anywhere he finds more than two voters gathered. (Cracked a sponsor: "We can get a speaker anywhere, but where else can we get one with a quartet?")

His opponent is Lieut. Governor George Bell ("Little George") Timmerman, 41, a lawyer with offices in Lexington. Little George is the son of "Big George" Timmerman, once a power in the state's Democratic Party organization, and one of the federal district judges who ruled in favor of public-school segregation in the South Carolina test case now before the U.S. Supreme Court. An aloof, self-assured politician, Timmerman is campaigning quietly, speaking extemporaneously, without musical background.

There are few basic differences between the two candidates. e.g., both believe in public-school segregation. But the race issue has risen. There has been whispered criticism of Bates because his insurance company sells to Negroes; he will probably get most of the Negro vote. Al-

though Timmerman has the behind-the-scenes support of most party leaders, the man with music last week was generally conceded to be running well ahead of Little George.

CITIES

The Little World of Tommy

From his rough & tumble boyhood surroundings in Baltimore's Little Italy, hard by the waterfront, Thomas Ludwig John D'Alesandro Jr. fought his way toward the political big time. He never lost an election, became mayor of Baltimore, and was ready for greater things.

Last September, after a year of dogged



George Cook—Baltimore Sun
MAYOR D'ALESSANDRO & FRIEND*
In the whirlwind, dreams of orchids.

effort and two rejections by the American League, he won a big-time baseball franchise for his city. He looked forward to the day when he would welcome a major-league team back to Baltimore. "We'll have a red carpet," he said. "We'll strew orchids." But a whirlwind of misfortune was shattering Tommy's dream.

At Home & Abroad. The year after Baltimore lost its last major-league ball club 52 years ago, Tommy was born in a crowded row house on President Street, the fourth of his mother's 13 children. To support them, Tomaso D'Alesandro, Tommy's father, swung a pick in a city rock quarry. Such work was not for junior. While still at night high school, he hung around the Third Ward Democratic headquarters, at election time rang doorbells and passed handbills.

Precinct Worker Tommy learned his politics under Baltimore's Democratic Boss Willie Curran, but at 22, in defiance of the machine, he got elected to the

Maryland house of delegates. After two terms, Tommy wangled an appointment in the Internal Revenue Bureau's New York office, and named his second son Franklin Delano Roosevelt D'Alesandro (afterwards known as "Roosey"). Back in Baltimore, Tommy served a term on the city council, then ran for Congress against the machine-backed incumbent. By a 58-vote margin, Tommy won.

In 1947, after eight years in Congress, Tommy ran for mayor of Baltimore. Again he bucked the Curran machine. When Tommy won hands down, friends expected him to move his wife Annunciata (Nancy) and their six children from the rugged Third Ward to a gentler neighborhood. But the D'Alesandros stayed put. Tommy said: "It's not where you live, it's how you live."

The new mayor fixed streets, built schools and parking garages, fought delinquency, won a second term, became Democratic National Committeeman. Last summer, representing the U.S. Conference of Mayors, Tommy and wife Nancy went to Europe, were welcomed by a dozen mayors.

Joy & Sorrow. The day of their return to Baltimore, they learned that son Roosey, along with 15 other youths, had been arrested on a charge of taking two girls, ages 13 and 11, on an all night joy ride and keeping them in a furnished flat for a week. He was acquitted of the rape charge, but out of the investigation of this case grew a perjury indictment against 21-year-old Roosey. But Tommy confidently announced his candidacy for governor ten months before the primary.

The whirlwind next struck at Tommy's parking garages and in a few gusts forced him to quit the gubernatorial race. A contractor named Dominic Piracci, who seemed to have a corner on the city's garage-building business, was convicted of fraud, conspiracy and conspiracy to obstruct justice. Piracci and Tommy had long been friends, even before Piracci's daughter, Margie, married Tommy D'Alesandro III.

Piracci had erased some names from his ledgers. Among the names deleted: Nancy D'Alesandro. On the witness stand in Piracci's trial, Nancy admitted getting six checks totaling \$11,130.78 from Piracci. But she swore that \$1,500 of it was a gift to their newly wed children, Tommy III and Margie. The rest, she claimed, Piracci lent her to pay off debts incurred in her feed business and a venture with a skin softener called Velvex.

Last week, although the garage scandal continued to billow around Baltimore courtrooms, the city erupted into wild celebration. On hand to play the first Baltimore major-league baseball game in more than half a century, the new Orioles were paraded through the streets amid 32 floats and the blare of 20 bands. But Tommy D'Alesandro was not there to strew orchids. He was in Bon Secours Hospital suffering from a nervous collapse, minus 40 of his 190 lbs., a shadow of his once proud, pudgy self.

* Baltimore Orioles' President Clarence W. Miles, presenting the mayor with a gold-plated lifetime pass to Oriole games.

FOREIGN NEWS

COLD WAR

Meeting at the Monument

In Geneva's Palais des Nations, an immense pillared monument to man's previous failure to legislate peace, the top statesmen of the free and Communist worlds will sit down together next week to talk peace in Asia. The prospect is not a meeting of minds, but a collision.

The sound and flurry of preparations stirred the glistening lakeside city where the League of Nations died of neglect and its own fears. Carpenters hammered,

united. France aches for negotiated settlement of the war in Indo-China. Britain is in a mood to talk concessions—perhaps U.N. membership for Red China—if it can get something in return.

Cabled TIME's London Bureau Chief Andre Laguerre: "Berlin was kid stuff compared to Geneva. The Communists are playing for big stakes. They are aiming at nullifying, if not destroying, the Franco-American alliance around which U.S. policy in Western Europe has had to be built, and at tipping the balance of power in Asia (and therefore in the world)

London and Paris to accept unity statements that promised far less (*see below*) had an important psychological objective: to jolt the French and British out of their concession-bent state. The first essential is that the French should not, out of despair, give in at Geneva. On this score, Dulles' attempt to "internationalize" the war has already made it more difficult for France to pull out. There were signs last week in London and Paris that his efforts were having a spine-stiffening effect.

Insistent Visitor

A silver Constellation dropped down on London Airport one morning last week, and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles alighted from it. Like a stone in a pool, his arrival sent ripples of alarm coursing through Britain and France. Warmed by the spring sun, many British and French had somehow fallen into a hazy, hopeful dream that everything could be settled at Geneva if only nothing was done to alarm the shy Communists. To them, Dulles, with his call for "united action" before Geneva and a joint warning to Communist China, came as an insistent intruder. The jittery press talked of "ultimatum," conjured visions of H-bombs dropped on Peking unless the Chinese Communists withdrew their aid to Ho Chi Minh.

But Dulles knew what he was doing. He encountered adamant British opposition to his proposed warning as "prejudicial" to the Geneva Conference, and dropped it without a fight. But it had served its purpose: to make everybody aware that Indo-China is a crucial battlefield for all free nations and that the U.S. so regards it.

Acknowledgement of the common peril was more important to Dulles than the details of what would be done about it. The problem was to find the words that others might sign. The formula finally drawn was somewhat less specific than Dulles would have liked, but it was as much as Eden felt he could defend before British opinion.

Well-Chosen Words. After three meetings with Eden (and dinner with Churchill), Dulles got agreement to a statement declaring Britain's recognition that Communist aggression in Indo-China "endangers" the security of the whole Southeast Asia area, and "accordingly, we are ready to take part with other countries principally concerned in an examination of the possibility of establishing a collective defense . . ." The ten suggested countries were the U.S., France, Britain, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand and the three Indo-Chinese states.

The words were well chosen. The first British reaction was relief that Dulles' joint warning had been averted. In the House of Commons, Eden himself discreetly pointed out that he had avoided "some fulminating declaration." The



BIDAULT & DULLES IN PARIS
Berlin was kid stuff.

Frank Scherschel—Life

Electricians wrestled with festoons of wire. Vacuum cleaners whined. Hotel proprietors wrung their hands over the flood of demands for rooms—more than 3,000 in all. For the top men—Dulles of the U.S., Eden of Britain, Bidault of France, Chou En-lai of China—villas by the lake were temporarily vacated by the owners and refurbished for the occasion. For Russia's Molotov, a wealthy Geneva aristocrat reluctantly gave up his palatial suburban chateau. The Russians promptly had it ringed with barbed wire.

Aching for Peace. But the important preparations were those that went on last week outside Geneva, in the councils of the Western powers. Geneva presents more hazard than opportunity to Western diplomats. At Berlin the democratic allies faced a Russia on the defensive and were themselves negotiating from strength; on the eve of Geneva they stand less tightly

against the West. Some Europeans are fascinated by the idea of talking to real, live Red Chinese and real, live Viet Minh rebels. But theories about separating Communists through diplomatic maneuvers spring from wishful thinking.

"There may be bitter rivalries between Chinese and Russian leaders, just as there doubtless are inside the Kremlin itself. But these men are united in their will to dominate the world. The questions of recognition of China or her admission to the U.N. are side issues. The Communists will not give up North Korea unless forced, because they intend to use it to conquer the rest of Korea and then Japan. The Communists will not give up Indo-China, because they intend to use it to conquer India."

Jolting the Despair. Dulles' call for "united action" against Communism in southeast Asia and his fireman's trip to

BRITISH POLICY BEFORE GENEVA

AN OFFICIAL VIEW BY THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

At the request of TIME, and with the approval of the Foreign Office, Sir Roger Makins, British Ambassador to the U.S., here-with defines British policy in Asia on the eve of Geneva.

"Peace is our aim, and strength is the only way of getting it." This sentence from a recent speech by Sir Winston Churchill defines British foreign policy not in one area alone but throughout the world. We do not see the problems of Asia as separate from those of the rest of the world.

The present focus of the Far Eastern situation is the Geneva Conference, opening next week. Mr. Anthony Eden, who will represent Britain, said recently: "I am going to Geneva determined to do my best to get a settlement in Korea and Indo-China, but I am going without any illusions about the kind of people the Chinese Communists are."

Korea. In British eyes the objective of the United Nations' resistance in Korea was to defend South Korea, and also to show Communists everywhere that they cannot achieve their aims by force. The British contribution to the struggle was significant and valuable, but it was thanks, in large measure, to the sacrifice in men and material by the United States that the immediate objective was attained. The long-term objective is now before us: the unification of Korea as a free and peaceful state. We do not believe that this could or should be achieved by force. Any settlement must first take account of the interest of the Koreans themselves, but it is also vital to the United Nations that Korea should not become a base for Communist attack and intrigue. Negotiation may be difficult and frustrating. But on all essential points Britain and the United States, together with the other nations who contributed to stopping the Communist invaders, are united in purpose. We will not let each other down at the conference table any more than we did on the battlefield.

Indo-China. In Indo-China, French Union forces have been fighting a costly and difficult military campaign against local Communist forces. It has been a gruelling struggle for the three young nations of Indo-China (Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos) and a severe drain on the manpower and resources of our old friends and allies, the French. The Communist threat in Indo-China is directed not only against the aspirations of the Indo-Chinese peoples as they emerge to nationhood, but menaces the whole of Southeast Asia and its rich raw-material resources. Britain has a strong and direct interest in preventing the spread of Communist imperialism in this area. We shall do all in our power at Geneva to help in reaching a settlement which will safeguard the interests of the free world. We believe that the prospects of such a settlement will be improved by the knowledge that Britain and the United States are now prepared to join with the other countries principally concerned in examining the possibility of the collective defence of Southeast Asia and the Western Pacific, within the framework of the U.N. Charter.

China. On January 6, 1950, six months before the Korean war began, Britain recognized the Central People's Government of China, and withdrew recognition from the Nationalist authorities on Formosa. We simply recognized the fact that the Peking Government controlled China. That recognition did not, and does not, imply approval of the regime. Both Britain and the United States recognize some 60 or more governments, including the Soviet Union. It does not follow that we like their policies.

In the Soviet Union the Marxist-Leninist doctrine is being moulded with the years into traditional Russian forms. No one can tell how Chinese Communism will develop; but the possibility of its assuming a distinctively Chinese pattern undoubtedly exists, and contacts with the West will certainly not impede it. There are advantages in diplomatic contacts, however tenuous.

A question often raised in connection with British recognition of the Peking Government is the representation of China in the United Nations. This is not a question of the admission of a new member state. China is a Charter member and a permanent Member of the Security Council. The question is which government should represent China. Because Britain recognizes the Peking Government, we feel that it should one day occupy the Chinese seat. But we have not pressed for this; we have not even proposed it, "in view of that Government's persistence in behaviour which is inconsistent with the purposes and principles of the Charter." For the moment Britain is neither agitated nor agitating about it.

Trade. There is also the matter of trade. As early as 1949, Britain was applying strategic controls to trade with all Communist countries. We were the first country to do so. In May 1951 the United Nations General Assembly recommended certain controls on exports to China. We have strictly enforced these controls. But Britain is dependent on overseas trade, just as are other countries of the West. It would do no good either to our own economy or to the economy of the free world to deny ourselves, within the agreed limits, commercial contacts with one quarter of the population of the globe.

We think that, once the Chinese show willingness to live at peace with the United Nations in Asia, there can be considerable benefit to the West through increased trade in non-strategic goods.

The British Crown Colony of Hong Kong is in a special position. It is an oasis of freedom on the Chinese mainland. The mainland is Hong Kong's natural trading partner and its necessary source of food. Hong Kong has maintained the same firm embargo on strategic trade as Britain, but trade in non-strategic commodities is essential to its survival, and to the million or more Chinese refugees from Communism who find haven there. Hong Kong has properly been called "the Berlin of the Far East."

Malaya. There are 150,000 men (troops, police and home guards) under arms in Malaya, out of a total population of 6,000,000, carrying on a bitter fight against a relatively small number of Chinese Communist bands in the jungle. These Communists seek to sabotage the country's material wealth in rubber and tin and to obstruct Malaya's planned programme of political, social and economic evolution. They have not succeeded. On the contrary, they are being steadily pushed back in a slow process of elimination. But any Communist successes in Indo-China would at least stiffen their morale and at most might afford them the material support they now so badly need.

Conclusion. This review is obviously not exhaustive. It is illustrative. These are the areas mostly in the headlines. There are other areas—like Japan—of great importance, where the same principles guide British foreign policy. It is a policy based on peace through strength. Peace comes only from the progressive elimination of the causes of war, coupled with readiness to uphold the rule of law when it is threatened. Strength means more than an armoury of weapons. Enduring strength comes from economic prosperity, rising living standards, and political stability, as well as military preparedness.

We in Britain know that no country today can achieve peace and enduring strength by its own unaided efforts. That is why we believe in the collective approach to world problems.

We believe that nowhere is it more important and more urgent to seek our objectives by collective approach than in Eastern Asia. The problem today is to give the non-Communist countries there the time and means to develop in freedom. This is a problem for the free countries of Asia. It is also a problem for us, for you, for our partners in the British Commonwealth, for France. A solution must be found. So far as Britain is concerned, we are determined to find it, and to find it with you.

Economist congratulated him on this "very adroit piece of evasive action."

To the U.S. delegation, however, the declaration meant that Britain has in effect agreed to 1) the idea of a Pacific "NATO," 2) some kind of collective military action against China as a possibility if Geneva fails, 3) steps to be taken at once to set up the Pacific alliance as a warning to the Communists at the tables in Geneva. If it meant the same to the British, Eden found it wise not to say so. Even as Dulles flew to Paris, Eden was mollifying questioners. "What I am committed to," he said, "is an examination. The House will understand that we could not possibly have gone further."

No Hurry. Next day, Dulles called at the Quai d'Orsay, spent half an hour with Bidault in his private office, prodding him to action on EDC (see below), then went upstairs to the tapestry-hung Salon de Beauvais, where the Indo-China experts were waiting. Dulles went directly to the central problem: France's long-standing resistance to "internationalizing" the Indo-China war, its eagerness to control all the talking at Geneva.

Even before he arrived, his campaign had made progress; French diplomats had let it be known that they would allow other forces—e.g., U.S. planes, naval forces—into the fight if Geneva failed. Around the big table, Dulles quickly won a formal admission that the Communist onslaught in Indo-China "also threatens the entire area of Southeast Asia and of the Western Pacific," and an agreement to "examine the possibility of establishing . . . a collective defense." Like the British, the French were not anxious to push such "examination" before Geneva.

Problems Ahead. If Dulles envisioned a formal "SEATO" or "PATO," the alliance was a long way from reality. Only

Thailand, who feels it is next on the Communist list if Indo-China falls, rushed to declare its unconditional support; others, like the Philippines, agreed—with stipulations. Britain, irked at being excluded from the present Anzus pact with the U.S., would welcome the chance to reestablish itself as a partner in Pacific defense with Australia and New Zealand. But if the pact were widened to include Japan, Formosa, or South Korea, problems would arise. Britain would want no alliance with Chiang Kai-shek; Syngman Rhee would balk at joining with Japan. So would the Philippines.

But Dulles' concept was apparently simpler: a loose arrangement which would provide 1) a demonstration of united strength that might make the Chinese Communists pause, and 2) a legal basis for direct U.S. participation if the Chinese aid to Indo-China is stepped up.

Area of Maneuver

For nearly two weeks—until the National Assembly dispersed for vacation—France's canny Foreign Minister Georges Bidault kept a document locked up in his desk. Then, one day last week, he took out the paper, got Premier Laniel to summon the Cabinet to consider it. It contained Britain's terms for "associating" with the proposed European Defense Community, an association which Paris demanded as one of three major preconditions to France's final decisions on EDC.

The ministers assembled with grumbles, angry about the short notice and the little time to study the terms. Bidault briskly got down to business: "We have received satisfaction on one of the three preconditions. The government must now engage itself on this point."

"Replace Me." Immediately, the leader of the Gaullists in Laniel's Cabinet

objected. "The government is not entitled to sign an agreement which implies effective creation of EDC" protested Edouard Corniglion-Molinier. The Minister of Overseas Territories supported him: "I consider the British terms hollow."

"It is absurd to ask the Russians to help us in settling the Indo-China conflict if we slap their faces before Geneva," said Radical-Socialist Edgar Faure, the Finance Minister. "I am hostile toward any initiative before the Geneva Conference."

A rasp slipped into Georges Bidault's calm voice. "Indo-China is not one of the preconditions [to EDC approval]. If you want to construe it to be one, then you must replace me as a Foreign Minister."

The discourse grew louder, more ill-tempered. Half the ministers were on their feet at once; the several Gaullists and so-called "dissident Gaullists" huddled in a corner to consider whether to withdraw from the Laniel government, which would almost certainly bring it down. Corniglion-Molinier came back to the table and asked for a recess until 5 p.m., so that the matter might be discussed with party leaders. "Not even five minutes!" snapped Bidault. "This text must be signed today, because it must be presented to the House of Commons before it goes on holiday."

Had the Cabinet voted its mind, Bidault might well have been beaten, but in France it is not customary to take a vote in Cabinet meetings. Instead, Premier Laniel nodded to Bidault. Bidault left the room, telephoned France's representative to sign the formal agreements by which Great Britain will blend some of its military forces with the European Army while retaining full control over their use and disposition (see box).

That took care of Precondition No. 1, "Partners Without Responsibilities." This sudden, uncompromising maneuver was part of little Georges Bidault's attempt to keep a promise he made to John Foster Dulles: before going off to Geneva, he would get a date set for France's too-long-postponed parliamentary decision on EDC. Three days later, Laniel announced that on May 18 he would formally ask the National Assembly's steering committee to set an "early" debate on EDC, perhaps May 25—if all three of Paris' preconditions are met by then.

A few hours later (by similar prearrangement), Precondition No. 2 was also met. From U.S. Ambassador C. Douglas Dillon came the text of the U.S. pledge to keep troops on the Continent so long as the threat to Western Europe continues (see box).

The American and British pledges did not materially add to what the two governments had long made plain they intended to do. But the British pledge of actual participation in the European Army's working was designed to reassure the many Frenchmen who fear that otherwise, the efficient Germans will use it to dominate the French. And the U.S. promise was explicit enough to combat the fear of U.S. withdrawal, which has been strong in France ever since Defense Secretary

U.S. AND BRITISH PROMISES TO FRANCE

To persuade France to pass EDC, the U.S. and Britain last week made formal pledges of support to the six-nation European Army. The promises fall short of fellow membership, but guarantee that in case of trouble, France will not be left alone.

The U.S. promised to:

☐ Continue to maintain U.S. armed forces in Europe "while a threat to [the NATO] area exists. . . ."

☐ Encourage "the closest possible integration" between the European Army, other NATO forces and U.S. forces "with respect to their command, training, tactical support and logistical organization. . . ."

☐ Seek means for "sharing in greater measure" with the six nations information on new weapons and new techniques of defense.

☐ Regard "any action from whatever quarter" which threatens the EDC group as also a threat to the security of the U.S., thus applying the NATO commitments and guarantees to EDC's one non-NATO member, West Germany.

Great Britain promised to:

☐ Work out with EDC "a common military outlook" on training, tactical doctrine, staff methods, logistics and standardization of equipment.

☐ Consult on defense questions, including the level of British defense forces.

☐ Appoint a British minister to sit in EDC council meetings, and a British member of EDC's proposed Board of Commissioners.

☐ Include British Army units (among them, one armored division) within the European Army formations "and vice versa"; include R.A.F. wings within the European Army's air forces "and vice versa"; join Royal Navy units in EDC maneuvers and generally interchange techniques, training facilities and personnel.

Charles Wilson's too-casual talk about pulling U.S. ground forces away from the Continent (TIME, Nov. 2).

The promises were hardly enough to convert the enemies of EDC, but they were enough to blunt some of their arguments. There remained Precondition No. 3: a settlement with West Germany of the future of the Saar. West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, bucking strong feelings at home, is going more than halfway to meet French demands for economic control of the German-speaking Saar. But it will be difficult to achieve agreement by May 18, giving Laniel an excuse for more delay if he wants it.

The grumblings and rumblings in French political circles made plain, however, that the week's maneuverings had pushed France's day of decision closer. "It would have been impossible for me to go to Geneva . . . without at least a decision as to the date," said Bidault. "If the outcome had been different, I should have preferred to resign."

FRANCE

The Immobilists

The most effective way for a French Premier to stay in office is to avoid hard decisions and, if possible, even forthright expressions of opinion. Under Henri Queuille, the colorless compromiser, this technique made a name for itself: *l'immobilisme*. Queuille hung on as Premier for 388 days—a record for postwar France. Last week France's postwar Premier, Joseph Laniel, was hot on Queuille's trail. By an astute and unflinching practice of *immobilisme*, plus luck, Laniel passed the second-best (290-day) mark, set by Antoine Pinay, his arch rival in the Independent Party. If Laniel can last another 100 days, he will beat Queuille's record; but with so much going on in Indo-China, Geneva and France, the last 100 days may be the hardest.

GREAT BRITAIN

On Others' Toes

In the House of Commons, Clement Attlee, leader of the Opposition, had just gravely accepted Foreign Secretary Eden's announcement of the Southeast Asia agreement. Suddenly, from the farther end of the Labor front bench, burly Nye Bevan came scrambling over his colleagues' feet to reach the dispatch box. Almost stepping on Attlee's toes physically, as he was in fact politically, Bevan flatly defied his party's leader. The Asia agreement, he cried, was "a surrender to American pressure," and it "will be deeply resented by the majority of people in Great Britain." The agreement was framed, he went on, "for the purpose of imposing European colonial rule." Behind him, Attlee sat white and tense.

Next day, after a long evening's struggle with his political soul in a friend's flat, Nye Bevan told Attlee of his decision: he was resigning from the shadow cabinet and would "resume the freedom



REBEL BEVAN

Freedom on the back benches.

of the back benches," where he can criticize his own party leadership to his heart's content. He "profoundly disagreed" with Labor's decision to support EDC and the immediate rearmament of Germany (though privately he admits that German rearmament is inevitable). The Asia proposal, he charged, was "tantamount to the diplomatic and military encirclement" of what he persists in calling "republican China."

Ever since he made his peace with Attlee and joined the shadow cabinet after his 1951 resignation from the Labor Cabinet, Nye Bevan has been biding his time and waiting his chance to seize leadership from Attlee and the Labor



THOMAS D. McAVOY—LIFE

PREMIER Laniel

Survival out in front.

moderates. But some of his closest friends admitted last week that Nye had let his emotions on the Indo-China issue and the importuning of some of his hotheaded followers get the better of his judgment. Attlee's prestige was higher than it had been in months from his responsible handling of the recent H-bomb debate, in which Churchill's attempt to score partisan points against Attlee (TIME, April 12) proved to be a bad misreading of the House's mood.

Nye's walkout left Attlee securely in command but the party as a whole weakened. It certainly jeopardized Bevan's own prospects of a Cabinet job if Labor got back in.

INDO-CHINA

Tightening the Lines

From besieged Dienbienphu one day last week came a three-letter message: "R.A.S." The letters stood for "*Rien à signaler*,"—French army for "nothing to report"—and this was the first time GHQ had received such a message since the battle started five weeks before. Dienbienphu's tired but resting defenders still had to keep their heads down: Red artillery and mortar observers could note every movement along the shell-pocked valley. There was some heavy skirmishing: a Red commando detachment infiltrated the northern end of the airstrip disused since March 28, and the French could not winkle them out. But there was time for regular services on Easter Sunday morning.

Dienbienphu's commander, General Christian de Castries, took advantage of the lull to resurvey his battered position, and he decided that a couple of northwestern outposts were too exposed. He therefore abandoned these outposts under sharp Red fire and realigned most of his 12,000-man force inside one bristling, unbroken perimeter some 1½ miles in diameter, leaving only one strong point isolated three miles to the south. De Castries stiffened the new perimeter with fresh, air-dropped reinforcements—infantry volunteers with only a few hours' parachute instruction and no practice—and built up his ammunition stocks for the battle's third round. De Castries professed to have no doubt who would win. "I'm going to kick General Giap's teeth in, one by one," said he.

French intelligence reported that Giap was also using the lull to bring up heavy reinforcements and supplies and to redraw his battle lines—nearer and nearer the fortress.

Dienbienphu Confidential

From authoritative sources in Paris, Washington and the Far East this week came previously censored details of the battle of Dienbienphu. Among them:

☛ The French have privately downgraded their "official" estimate of Communist losses from 25,000 to between 10,000 and 12,000. Best estimate of French losses: 2,500, including 800 killed, 1,200 wounded (800 still in Dienbienphu with inad-

quate medical care), 500 captured or missing.

¶ Morale is still high, but one battalion of Thai tribesmen has been kept in reserve since one of its companies panicked in the battle's opening phase.

¶ Dienbienphu's most critical problem during the first two Red offensives: ammunition shortage. Red Chinese-directed flak forced French transport aircraft to come in so high that a sizable portion of parachuted equipment drifted into the Red lines and helped supply the enemy. Fifteen to 20 French planes have been lost. Last week good flying weather enabled the French to conquer their supply crisis.

¶ The Communists are now able to move supplies toward Dienbienphu in trucks down main roads from Red China. French planes have not been able to stop them.

¶ Diversionary Red attacks in the Red River Delta squeezed some French posts to the north of Hanoi and shook the morale of undertrained Vietnamese troops whom the French sent in to replace the elite battalions flown out to Dienbienphu. The French now claim that the delta danger is under control.

ITALY

Off to Jail

U.S. readers of *The Little World of Don Camillo*, which tells of a gentle Italian priest's struggles with ungentle Communists, might picture the author as an amiable, chuckly type who would never have a hard word for anybody except Reds. Actually, Author-Journalist Giovanni Guareschi, 45, is a fierce monarchist, with a fierce mustache and a fierce tongue. Guareschi edits the brilliant satirical weekly, *Candido*, which pillories politicians of the center as well as those of the left. Three years ago, a *Candido* cartoon de-

picted President Einaudi (some of whose income is derived from vineyards) reviewing a troop of wine bottles. Caption: "These are the warriors of the Republic." For "vilifying" Einaudi, Guareschi drew an eight-month suspended sentence.

Lately, Guareschi has been feuding with aged (73) ex-Premier Alcide de Gasperi, whom he blames for the fall of the Pella government in January. Two weeks later, *Candido* carried an article on De Gasperi, referring to him as "the sniper of Castel Gandolfo," and as "cold, ruthless, devoid of all scruple." Along with that, the weekly reproduced a purported letter from De Gasperi, apparently addressed to a British officer in 1944, which called for Allied bombing of Rome as "the only way to break the moral resistance of the Roman people." De Gasperi pronounced the letter a forgery, directed his lawyers to sue for libel. The amount asked in damages was only 1 lira (about one-sixth of a cent); it was vindication that De Gasperi wanted.

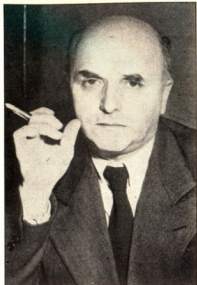
When the trial began in Milan, Journalist Guareschi turned out to have a very poor case. He could not produce the purported original of the letter (it was in the hands of a shadowy, last-ditch Fascist living in Switzerland, who has had little luck in many attempts to peddle such letters to Italian journalists.) De Gasperi's lawyers flourished a communication from Viscount Alexander, the Allies' wartime commander in Italy, who said "all that is written in the alleged letter does not agree with what I remember." They also produced a communication from the supposed recipient, Lieut. Colonel A. D. Bonham Carter, who said he had never received such a letter, had never been stationed at the place to which it was addressed. De Gasperi himself took the stand to repudiate the forgery and to declare: "It is dangerous to allow the birth and diffusion of legends which tend to portray the political men who opposed Fascism as petty politicians without scruple or love of country. Hitlerism was born in the humus of such legends."

On the trial's third day, Guareschi did not show up in court. In his absence, the judge found him guilty, ordered him to pay De Gasperi 1 lira in damages, \$480 as a fine and court costs, and sentenced Guareschi to a year in jail. Said Don Camillo's creator: "I will not appeal. I will take up the knapsack with which the Nazi SS sent me to a German concentration camp, and will go to prison."

COMMUNISTS

Night Raid in Berlin

In the faintly lit West Berlin sidestreet, a man sat behind the wheel of a dark sedan, waiting. A pretty girl carrying two bottles of Coca Cola crossed the sidewalk, glanced back at the sedan before letting herself into the house at 11 Heilbronner Strasse. The heavy, wrought-iron door clashed behind her, and she started up the narrow stairs. Above her there was a sudden sound of thudding feet and labored breathing. At the top of the stairs, a man appeared carrying the limp body of an



International
COUNTERAGENT TRUSHNOVICH
He paid a fateful visit.

elderly, bald-headed man. Behind him was a man she knew well—43-year-old Heinz Glaeske, an architect who lived with his wife and mother in a third-floor apartment.

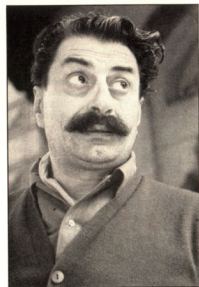
"What's the matter?" the girl cried. Glaeske put his finger to his lips, said nothing. Behind him came a dark-haired girl who muttered: "We must hurry to the first-aid station." The girl they had passed watched the group as they loaded the limp body into the sedan. She shrugged—strange things happen in divided Berlin—went up to her room and drank her cokes.

Two hours later, Frau Glaeske and her mother-in-law returned to their apartment to find the door half open, blood on the floor, and blood on the wallpaper as high as their heads. In the corner, their poodle lay covered with blood, whimpering. One of his front teeth had been knocked out. In the empty apartment, the telephone rang insistently.

One woman answered the telephone. What had happened to Dr. Alexander Trushnovich? a woman's voice demanded. It was his secretary. He had told her to ring him at the Glaeske apartment at 9 o'clock. She had been ringing at ten-minute intervals for two hours.

Thus, one night last week, in a manner as bizarre as a movie script, the Communists kidnaped one of the West's most effective operators in the clandestine war fought in Berlin's cafés and back rooms.

The Plotter. From a dingy room in the British sector reeking with the smell of cooking, 60-year-old Dr. Trushnovich ran the NTS in Germany, an organization of White Russians and their sympathizers. Like NTS, Dr. Trushnovich was neofascist. But his NTS members hate Russia's Red rulers with cold ferocity, devote every waking hour to plotting the overthrow of the Soviet regime. Born near Trieste, Trushnovich fought with the White Russians against the Red army,



Gene Cook—Black Star

EDITOR GUARESCHI

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THE
TEXAS
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helped the Nazis against Russia in World War II, and after the war founded a relief camp for Russian escapees. Trushnovich's NTS concentrated on planting seeds of discontent in the Soviet army of occupation in East Germany. His balloons dropped leaflets over Soviet troop areas, his agents boldly tacked up posters in East German railroad stations. Because they were in Russian, East German police left them on the walls, thinking the Russians had put them up themselves.

When Heinz Glaeske sought out the NTS, Dr. Trushnovich welcomed his help. Released by the Russians in 1949, Glaeske had founded an organization for former Soviet prisoners who would give NTS valuable information. What Dr. Trushnovich did not know was that Glaeske was a double agent: a member of SED, the East German Communist Party, he had already betrayed three Western agents.

When Glaeske telephoned last week and asked him to come to his apartment that night, Dr. Trushnovich went unquestioningly. There, West German police think, Glaeske had a Communist slagger waiting with a steel whip to cut Trushnovich down.

The Notebook. Next day the German Communist radio blandly announced that Trushnovich, "a leading personality of the fascist White Guard organization, NTS, which works on orders from the American secret service" had come to East Berlin and turned himself over to Communist authorities, bringing with him "documents" proving his espionage activities (NTS said he brought no papers, but unfortunately was carrying a notebook listing names and addresses of NTS contacts).

"A major Communist coup," admitted one Western intelligence operative. Berlin's police chief called it "the most serious kidnapping since the abduction of Dr. Walter Linse," a top official of the anti-Communist Free Jurists (TIME, July 21, 1952). The U.S. commandant in Berlin bluntly charged "clear evidence of complicity" by Soviet officials in this "outrageous abduction," and the British demanded an investigation. But few had any hope of seeing Dr. Trushnovich again, unless and until he appeared in a Communist court, vacant-eyed and slow of speech, in the inexorable pattern the Communists have made cruelly familiar.

"I No Longer Believe . . ."

Vladimir Mikhailovich Petrov seemed rather elderly (about 45) to be only a third secretary, which was the post he filled for the past three years in the Soviet embassy at Canberra. But Petrov appeared to wield more authority than his rank called for. Plump and spectacled, he paid little attention to the rules of purdah for Russians abroad—he was affable, a good mixer, spoke fair English, frequented hotel bars, went on fishing trips with Westerners. With his pretty blonde wife, an embassy stenographer, he lived in a comfortable brick house less than a quarter of a mile from the embassy.

Last week the veils of mystery around Vladimir Petrov were torn away. Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies told an astonished Parliament that Petrov had been Russia's MVD chief in Australia, had headed an elaborate spy ring involving several Australian nationals. How did the Prime Minister know? Vladimir Petrov had defected to the West, bringing with him hundreds of documents that would serve to smash the spy apparatus completely.

Music in Hiding. Menzies read Petrov's statement: "I wish to ask the Australian government for permission to remain in Australia permanently. I wish to become an Australian citizen as soon as possible. I ask for protection . . . and assistance . . . I no longer believe in Communism of the Soviet leadership. I no longer believe in



MVD's PETROV & WIFE
At the airport, a second rescue.

Communism since I have seen the Australian way of living." He sought asylum, and asylum was granted. Oddly enough, he did not ask asylum for his wife, though she knew that he was about to defect. Last week he was in hiding under guard, playing Russian Easter music on his phonograph.

Menzies would not tell Parliament what was in Petrov's documents: a royal commission must first sort out and evaluate it. But many startled Australians thought of the Woomera rocket range, of the new uranium workings in the north, of the British atomic shots off the Montebello Islands. And, remembering the defection of Igor Gouzenko in Canada in 1945, which resulted in the exposure of Dr. Alan Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs, Britain last week hustled two MI-5 (military intelligence) men off to Australia.

Tears & Fire Hoses. Denied more information about Petrov, Australians' curiosity turned to the fate of his young wife, Evdokia Petrov. Red-eyed from weeping,

she appeared at a press interview in the Russian embassy, where Ambassador Nikolai Generalov attacked Menzies' account of the case as "utter nonsense" and backed up Mme. Petrov's statement that her husband had been "kidnaped."

This week the Russians tried to kidnap Evdokia, and almost succeeded. They hustled her into a black Cadillac, sped 190 miles at top speed to Sydney. At the airport, an angry crowd mobbed the Cadillac, tried to overturn the car. The Russian guards dragged Evdokia through the gates while the mob, now 3,000 strong, chanted "Don't let her go." Trying to smile for photographers, Evdokia wept instead, covered her face with both hands. Scores jumped the fence onto the field, broke past police lines to tug at Evdokia and strike at her guards. Witnesses said they heard her cry in Russian: "I don't want to go! Save me!" before she was hustled aboard.

Prime Minister Menzies tried to calm the public outcry over her departure by announcing that Mme. Petrov made no appeal for sanctuary to Australian officials at the airport. Besides, said he, if she wanted to stay, she would get another chance when the plane (bound for Zurich) touched down at Darwin. Menzies was as good as his word. At Darwin, Australian police boarded the plane, disarmed two Russian couriers who were traveling with her—they had 32 revolvers in shoulder holsters—and took Evdokia aside for a 45-minute private talk with a government official. This time she did ask for sanctuary. When the plane left Australia, she stayed behind.

JAPAN

The Women

"The saddest thing in life," runs an old Japanese proverb, "is to be born a woman." In the feudal days before MacArthur, it contained more than a grain of truth; Japanese women then were the merest chattels, they had no civil rights whatever, and their menfolk seldom bothered even to address them by name. But in one sweep of the pen, the U.S.-dictated constitution of 1947 swept aside the centuries of tradition and placed the women of Japan—legally at least—on an equal footing with men.

Last week 800 Japanese women met in Tokyo's cavernous Hibiya Hall to consider their lot under the new dispensation. Grey-haired oldsters in kimonos and obis, bobbed-haired college girls in sweaters and skirts, aggressive feminists in slacks, gabbled enthusiastically and glared in frosty disdain at the few men present. They pointed with pride to some of the advances gained by their sex since the constitution: divorce, women's suffrage, the acceptance of women in an ever expanding range of jobs (as legislators, police officers, taxi drivers, even judges), increased coeducation, the spread of women's clubs, and a general increased freedom for women to speak their minds.

Even as they talked, one woman who

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BATHING-SUIT CONTEST IN TOKYO
The pen was mightier than the obi.

always speaks her mind, Birth-Controller Margaret Sanger, became the first American woman ever to address members of the Japanese Diet. Armed with a load of information about new drugs and contraceptives, she urged the scientists and statesmen of rapidly expanding Japan (population increase: 1,000,000 yearly) to redouble their efforts to ease at least one of woman's burdens.

By and large, the women in Tokyo agreed that the principal problem still facing Japanese women is men. In many rural districts, they pointed out, Japanese fathers are still selling their daughters into slavery, often for as little as \$15. Japanese husbands still prefer the company of geisha girls to that of their wives. Women still get only half the pay of men for the same jobs, and more than half of Japanese marriages are still arranged by contract without regard to the bride's choice. Nevertheless, doctory Socialist Diet Member Ichiko Kamichika told her sisters, "The Japanese woman of today is beginning to see things in their reality." "Our material gains have not been large," said Woman Husband Shigeko Tanabe, "but one thing they cannot take away: we are now recognized by both our husbands and the law as human beings."

At least one older woman was in hearty agreement. "Before I came to this meeting," said a grey-haired widow from Kyoto, "I was planning to commit suicide. Now I have definitely made up my mind to wait a while."

TURKEY

A Mechanic's Return

One wintry day in 1939, a short, thick-chested man who said he was a mechanic and looked as if he might be, signed the register at Istanbul's Continental Hotel as Spiridon Yanko Mekas. Mekas, who had just returned from Moscow on a

Canadian passport, loafed around the lobby for nearly three months before he went on to Yugoslavia to make history under a different alias: Tito. Last week Marshal Tito—preceded by 200 armed bodyguards—returned to Istanbul for the first time since he checked out of the Continental 14 years ago.

Tito was in Turkey this time to try to convert the Yugoslav-Greek-Turkish treaty of friendship, signed last year in Ankara, into a military-assistance pact. Arriving in Istanbul aboard a Yugoslav training ship, Tito barely had time to deposit his luggage at Dolmabahché Palace before he was whisked off to Ankara to confer with President Celal Bayar and Prime Minister Adnan Menderes.

The talks were informal, to the point, and fruitful. Before the week was out, Tito's Foreign Secretary Koca Popovic announced that Yugoslavia and Turkey had agreed, "in principle," on a three-nation Balkan military alliance. Greece, left out of the week's talks, protested that the agreement had been reached without consulting her, but the Little Three's Big Two were confident that their junior partner's ruffled feathers would be smoothed out when Tito visits Athens shortly.

EGYPT

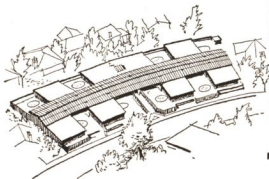
Out Goes Naguib

Premier Mohammed Naguib swung easily into the gate of Egypt's Revolutionary Command compound one day last week, whistling merrily. It soon developed that either he was whistling in the dark, or whistling because he was glad that it was all over.

He was hardly out of sight before his Deputy Premier—and the real boss of Egypt's military junta—handsome, 36-year-old Gamal Abdel Nasser, curtly announced that Naguib had submitted his resignation as Premier, but would stay on

Number 8 in a series

The school corridor you see here is known as "little main street" at the White Oaks Elementary School Annex in San Carlos, California. It was designed by San Francisco Bay Area architect John Carl Warnecke, AIA. Serving as a connecting hall between eight individual classrooms, it's completely covered by a skylight, yet open to the mild California weather. The unusual corridor proved to be the design key around which the school could be built to meet many special requirements such as small site area, an economical budget and the need for both indoor and outdoor space for classes. Mechanical Engineering was by G. M. Simonson, San Francisco.



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in his honorary job of President. Four Cabinet ministers (who had unwisely backed Naguib against Nasser) had also resigned for reasons of health, said Nasser, adding that henceforth he himself would be the new Premier.

As Nasser assumed power in name as well as fact, it looked as if the long struggle for power was over. The shrewd and ambitious lieutenant colonel who masterminded the army revolt that ousted King Farouk had at last completed his triumph over the affable and beloved general he had put in as front man.

In Nasser's first attempt to clip Naguib's wings eight weeks ago, he had ordered him placed under house arrest. Such arbitrary treatment of a man built up as the public's idol sent hundreds of thousands swarming into the streets of Cairo to protest. Surprised, Nasser put Naguib back in office and settled back to await a more propitious moment.

The moment came last week, and as Nasser deftly dumped Naguib from the driver's seat, there was barely a murmur of protest in Cairo. Naguib himself, who recently suffered a nervous breakdown, was in no condition to fight back. In fact, Naguib proclaimed that "we are now stronger than ever and we shall go ahead in a united front." To keep tab on Naguib and to make sure that he does not cause any more trouble, Strongman Nasser announced the creation of a new Cabinet post: Ministry of Presidential Affairs.

ISRAEL

Reds Over Nazareth

Holy Week pilgrims to Nazareth must have thought at first that they were in the wrong town. Crimson banners bearing the hammer & sickle and Picasso peace doves hung from street lights, and Marxist slogans were plastered on the centuries-old walls of the Church of the Annunciation. Turbaned Communist orators belabored street-corner crowds. Nazareth, the boyhood home of Jesus Christ, was electing 15 city councilmen.

Since 1948, the 21,000 inhabitants of Nazareth, the only all-Arab town in the state of Israel, have lived under the rule of a Jewish military governor. In that time, they have worked up a full head of resentment against Israel. When Israel decided last month to lift military rule and permit Nazareth to choose its own city council, the town's Communist leaders got to work among the city's Moslems and Christian Arabs. The Communists had the most money to spend, and outdid all others in the stridency of their attack on the Jews.

Despite the strong opposition of their churches to Communism, 447 Roman and Greek Catholics—along with 1,586 other Christians—deserted to the Communist ticket. The Communists got 38% of the vote, more than either of the two other parties, and elected six councilmen. Moslems and Christians on the council would have to work together if the followers of Marx were not to run the city of Christ.



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Cord! The phenomenal extra mileage of a thicker, tougher tread!
of Resist-a-Skid traction!

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New All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle

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Since its introduction, the All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle by Goodyear has been known, deservedly, as the world's strongest, safest, finest passenger car tire.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Guard Lifted

Ever since he fled from Ottawa's Soviet embassy in 1945, Cipher Clerk Igor Gouzenko has been guarded by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police against Communist reprisals. Last week his Mountie guard was withdrawn. The government decided that it was no longer practical to keep watch over the Russian fugitive who exposed the Soviet spy ring in Canada.

The removal of his bodyguard was largely Gouzenko's own responsibility. For the first few years after his escape, the guard worked well; Gouzenko lived in deep seclusion, and the Mounties were able to guarantee his security. Later, when royalties rolled in from a movie and a



Canadian Press

AUTHOR GOUZENKO
A break for the Mounties.

book about him, Gouzenko tired of the sheltered life. He developed a taste for shopping and for driving around in snappy cars, making it hard for the guards to keep up with him.

Over the past six months, the watch over Gouzenko became almost totally unworkable. With his new book, *The Fall of a Titan*, about to be published, the publicity-conscious author began to set up interviews and to pose for photos wearing a pillowcase mask. Usually he slipped away to the interviews, giving the Mounties no opportunity to screen his visitors. Said a government official: "Each guy he met could have been Malenkov himself for all we knew."

Since Gouzenko evidently preferred it that way, the government finally decided to let him go ahead on his own. Nobody was happier than the Mounties. For some time now, assignment to the temperamental Russian has been regarded as one of the "punishment" duties on the force.

MEXICO

Devaluation

All through last year, Mexico lived beyond its means. Sales abroad failed to keep pace with purchases abroad, and the government tried early this year to bring foreign trade back into balance by boosting duties on all imports 25%. When the trade deficit kept getting worse and capital showed signs of taking flight northward, officials decided that they could not wait for this summer's expected bumper cotton and coffee crops to save the situation. Last week the government abruptly announced a devaluation of the Mexican peso—from 8.65 to 12.50 to the dollar.

Mexico's economic situation is by no means as bad as such drastic action implies. Its cash dollar reserves still exceeded the \$200 million mark, and it has not even touched its \$100 million emergency credits with the International Monetary Fund and the U.S. Treasury. Mexico's Treasury Secretary Antonio Carrillo Flores insisted last week that within the national economy, affairs are "generally satisfactory."

Now, as then, Mexican officials hope to reduce nonessential imports, boost exports (particularly of metals, which have slumped badly), reverse the movement of capital, stimulate internal investment, and bring in more tourists. Of one thing the officials can be sure: thousands of vacation-minded U.S. citizens will be keenly interested to learn that south of the border this summer the dollar will reach 44% further.

GUATEMALA

Anti-Red Crusade

Guatemala's Archbishop Mariano Rossell y Arellano, 59, has watched the bold encroachment of Communism on his country with growing dismay. Last week the greying archbishop sounded a nationwide alarm, denouncing the Red infiltration in a pastoral letter read from all the country's Roman Catholic pulpits:

"We raise our voice to alert Catholics at this moment when the worst atheistic doctrine of all time—anti-Christian Communism—continues its brazen inroads in our country, masquerading as a movement of social reform for the needy classes. . . . Our frontiers are opened wide to a rabble of foreign adventurers trained in the tactics of international Communism. In violations of the laws of the land, ample freedom is given them. From the official radio stations are heard the incessant preaching of social disruption and the broadcasting of the teachings of the Soviet Politburo. Newsstands are flooded with Communist literature.

"The people of Guatemala must rise as one man against this enemy. Our struggle against Communism must be . . . a crusade of prayer and sacrifice, as well as intensive spreading of the social

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doctrine of the church and a total rejection of Communist propaganda—for the love of God and Guatemala."

The impact of the archbishop's pronouncement was all the greater because he is a reserved, scholarly churchman who has always kept above the country's political controversies. For the government and its Communist friends, who have tried to give the impression that relations between church and state were close and friendly, it was a body blow. Indicating that his anti-Red crusade was only starting, the archbishop last week directed the clergy not only to read his message to their congregations, but to carry on the work actively by explaining the dangers of Communism to the people.

VENEZUELA

The Case for Free Trade

Of all the members of the U.S. Congress, not even Senator Joe McCarthy is better known among Venezuelans than Representative Richard Simpson, Pennsylvania Republican. Simpson is the author of a bill to cut U.S. imports of foreign oil; Venezuelans estimate that it would cost them \$340 million a year. Cheered on by small U.S. oil producers and coal interests, Simpson maneuvered his bill to a vote last year, only to have it sent back to committee. There it rests, grating harshly on Venezuelan nerve ends.

In Manhattan last week, the Venezuelan Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.^{*} presented its case against the Simpson bill. It published a 115-page study contending that Venezuela's openhanded spending of her oil-earned wealth in the U.S. benefits the U.S. as a whole, and thus (the study implies) outweighs the cost of any localized stresses. Conceding its own self-interest, the chamber argued that Venezuela is the U.S.'s second-best Latin American customer (after Mexico), buying \$503 million worth of U.S. goods a year. Mailed out by the thousands, the report aims to demonstrate their stake in Venezuelan trade to 450 U.S. cities from Gloucester, Mass. (glue) to San Gabriel, Calif. (adding machines). Presumably the authors hope that these communities will put pressure on their Congressmen to vote against the Simpson bill if it comes to the floor again.

The report simply made the classic case for free trade, even showing how towns in Simpson's own 18th Pennsylvania Congressional District profit from dealing with Venezuela. Said Simpson: "I know that exports to Venezuela of firebrick from Mt. Union and machinery from Waynesboro are important, but they are by no means vital—just gravy . . . For every Venezuelan who buys a refrigerator, I can show you five or six Americans who are on unemployment relief and can't afford to buy one."

^{*} An organization of 300 U.S. firms and individuals who do business with Venezuela. Its president, Lloyd G. Smith, is a vice president of Venezuela's biggest oil producer, Creole Petroleum Corp., an affiliate of Standard Oil of New Jersey.



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ACs SM-O-O-TH Your Way Mile After Pleasant Mile . . .

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Russia's No. 3 Communist, the party's Central Committee Secretary **Nikita S. Khrushchev**, turned 60 and got enough tokens of Premier Georgy Malenkov's favor to suggest that he was riding high above any threat of purge: the Order of Lenin, the Hammer & Sickle Gold Medal, the title of Hero of Socialist Labor. The identical honors were once dealt out to Police Boss **Lavrenty Beria**, who made a one-way trip to a Moscow cellar last December.

In Oxford, Miss. Mrs. Estelle Faulkner, wife of Novelist **William (Sanctuary) Faulkner**, disclosed that her husband gave away his 1950 Nobel Prize money. The writer, who is currently in Egypt working on a Warner Bros. CinemaScope movie, *Land of the Pharaohs*, put the \$30,000 into a trust fund to be spent for scholarships and other good works.

Accompanied by **Queen Mother Elizabeth** and **Princess Margaret**, Britain's bonnie **Prince Charles**, 5, and **Princess Anne**, 3, rode to Portsmouth from London on an electric train. Confused because he is more expert on steam locomotives, Charles asked: "Is there a man in front?" At Portsmouth, the royal party boarded the new 413-ft. royal yacht *Britannia* (cost: \$6,000,000). After tea, the Queen Mother and Margaret went ashore, and the *Britannia* set course for the Mediterranean, with the children beaming at the rail while bagpipers skirled on the pier. On May 1 the *Britannia* is due at the Libyan port of Tobruk. There, Prince Charlie and

Princess Anne will rendezvous with their globe-girdling parents. **Queen Elizabeth II** and the **Duke of Edinburgh**.

Hot-lipped Trumpeter **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong**, who correctly named six out of seven melodies on a TV quiz show (his flub: the prelude to Act III of *Lohengrin*), happily sent his \$800 prize to his old alma mater, New Orleans' Milne Municipal Home for Boys, where Satchmo was sent at 13 after he prankishly fired a pistol at the moon to celebrate New Year's Eve in 1913.

Mobster **Albert Anastasia**, 51, onetime lord high executioner of Murder, Inc., was stripped of his U.S. citizenship (and was thus set up for deportation to Italy) by a Newark federal judge on a relatively petty count. The court's finding: in applying for legal U.S. residence and citizenship, Anastasia twice neglected to report four arrests (three for murder, one for felonious assault), plus a 1923 conviction for gun-toting.

At an international rugby match in Paris' Colombes Stadium, Britain's Field Marshal **Viscount Montgomery** was caught by the photographers giving a patriotic war whoop as England's team scored a three-point try against France. But Monty's joy was short-lived: the Frenchmen went on to win the game, 11 to 3, and tie with England and Wales for the tournament championship.

In Omaha, retired Air Force General **George C. Kenney**, former boss of the Strategic Air Command, made an atom-rattling speech to a group of reservist air



FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY
War whoops in Paris.

cadets. Estimating that a sneak attack by Russia would kill 20 million Americans, Kenney assured the airmen that "those rascals will hit us here as soon as they have the power." His answer to the threat: "If you have a swamp full of mosquitoes, you can hire a lot of men to swat at them with fly swatters. Or you can wipe out the mosquitoes with DDT. I like the latter method. Hit the real criminals, Russia, before they hit us."

Iran's former Premier **Mohammed Mossadeh**, who is appealing a sentence of three years in solitary for high treason, broke a two-day "fast unto death" (which had been alleviated by smuggled cookies, chocolates and vitamin pills). With his fast Mossy intended to protest against the appeals court, which had failed to admit enough spectators to suit him, and Tehran's press, which chose not to publish his lachrymose appeal in full. As soon as more people were admitted to the court, he began bolting boarding-house helpings of boiled chicken, rice and vegetables.

Mississippi's late Senator **Theodore ("The Man") Bilbo**, who won elections but outraged most of his senatorial colleagues with his white-supremacy diatribes, was honored by a lifesize bronze statue in the state capitol at Jackson. Only other Southern politico ever so honored by Mississippi: Confederate President **Jefferson Davis**. Other Mississippi statesmen have rated no more than oil portraits.

Chicago's Roman Catholic Bishop **Bernard J. Sheil**, who last fortnight said "phooey" to Wisconsin's Senator **Joseph R. McCarthy** and called him "a city slicker from Appleton," was chosen for an award of merit from the Chicago Central Lions Club. A previous award winner (in 1950): Joe McCarthy.



PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCESS ANNE & COMPANIONS
Rendezvous in Tobruk.

Topical Press



Spark plug for progress

Read how the automobile industry *sparks* our economy.

This past year, Mr. and Mrs. America, you pledged a cool \$13 billion to buy 5,738,989 shiny new cars!

Since the nation's commercial banks are involved in a big portion of this transaction, we think it high time you saw some accounting of what you got for your money. Here are the figures.

The U. S. A. in High Gear

Car and truck makers in 1953 created quite a few phenomenal statistics. For instance, they bought and paid for about 14,663,775 tons of steel; 526,473,682 pounds of copper; 37,949,109 rubber tires; 122,435,740 pounds of plastics; and approximately 3,500,000 gallons of paint.

To convert these mountains of materials into cars, the industry hired 930,000 workers and paid them a grand total of \$4¼ billion in wages!

How you're affected

When the American public buys cars and trucks as it did in 1953, men and women work, money circulates, and the sales of practically all goods and services are affected. As a matter of fact, one out of every seven jobs in the country exists because of the automotive industry.

As for the nation's 14,000 commercial banks . . . they benefit by automotive progress, too. They also make some substantial contributions. For example, the amount of bank loans outstanding to the industry was about a half billion dollars, and to the American people for the purchase of cars, over \$4 billion at the end of 1953.

Courage, Confidence, Competition

The auto makers stand on their own two feet. They're out-and-out competitive . . . every bit as imaginative as the men who built the first cars. Annually they bet millions on a belief . . . an industrial ideal. Call it automotive progress. Call it capitalism on wheels. Call it anything. But year after year you're the winner . . . because year after year you get a better product for your money.

The Chase National Bank, first in loans to American industry, is proud to present this tribute to automotive progress.

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rockets will defend cities and industrial centers.

It is industry's job to serve the Armed Forces in the design,
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These Celaperm acetate suits by Cole of California are lined with unbelievably soft Celanese acetate jersey.

This spring the prettiest sight in any waters will be swimsuits of Celanese Celaperm.

The dazzling colors of this new acetate yarn are the delight of any mermaid. They can't run or streak or wash away in the surf. Celaperm's secret? Unlike ordinary yarns, the fresh, glowing color is actually *sealed* in Celaperm while it is being made. And being acetate, it feels soft as the sea itself.

No wonder famed Cole of California quickly turned to Celaperm as an ideal swimwear yarn. You will find his suits advertised by Celanese in leading magazines in May and simultaneously displayed by over 1,000 leading stores all over the country.

Celanese Celaperm not only colors the thinking (and the lines) of the vast swimwear industry. It means a more lasting beauty for *all* textiles, from children's playclothes to the most decorative fabrics. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

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the acetate yarn with the "sealed-in" color

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TIME, APRIL 26, 1954

MEDICINE

Polio Pioneers

In the Wesley Chapel School, perched on a hill overlooking miles of slash pine east of Atlanta, Teacher Corinne Clark called the 47 moppets in second grade to order one morning last week. The stack of impressive-looking envelopes at her side, she explained, had been "sent out by the doctors to try to prevent you from having polio." She wanted the children to take the envelopes home to their parents and get their permission to be vaccinated. The youngsters took it all in quietly, asked not a single question.

Thus, routinely, news of the mass vaccination trials to prove the value of Dr. Jonas E. Salk's polio vaccine (TIME, Mar. 29) seeped down to the grass roots. Said



THIRD-GRADER MARY ANNE GUARDINO
Three needles for the button.

the school's principal, Sid Clark: "The children understand that something pretty important is being done. They understand that vaccination is a doctor with a needle, and that their parents are going to say yes or no." Clark was more worried about the parents' reactions than the children's. "There are so many rumors flying around, started by headline hunters."

Vaccine & Whatnot. In the first few days, 60% of Atlanta area parents gave consent, 10% refused, and 30% did not answer. These last were being followed up to answer one way or the other, but were not being pressed to assent.

In 40-odd states, plans for the trial were being pressed along lines similar to Georgia's. From the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to health officers went masses of letters to parents signed by its president, Bessie O'Connor, with informative pamphlets on the trials and cannily worded forms in which parents "request" that their children be "permitted" to take part.

There were going to be plenty of prob-

lems, most resulting from the last-minute rush and changes in the foundation's plans. Originally it was proposed to vaccinate only second-graders and use first- and third-graders as "controls." But there might be big differences between the rates, even in these adjacent age groups, and other sources of error. So in eleven states, half the youngsters in the three grades will get the vaccine while half will get an inert solution, tinted to the same cherry-soda hue. Only after the polio season is over will the code numbers be unlocked so that the records will show precisely to what extent children who received the vaccine escaped polio as compared with others of the same age who did not.

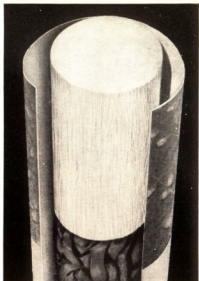
In New York City, where 37,772 children were slated for the vaccine-or-what-not test, the technicalities of epidemiology and evaluation were too much for most parents. Many asked: "Isn't there any way I can be sure my child gets the real vaccine?" The answer, as firm as the foundation and health officials could make it: no. Two out of every hundred children participating, whether they are to be vaccinated or used as "observed" (meaning untreated) controls, will be asked to give blood before and after the inoculation program. That, too, is hard for many parents to accept as necessary. But the researchers want to know what happens to the level of polio antibodies in the various groups.

Creek Beds & Sandlots. One of the biggest difficulties results from delay. Before a vaccinated child can win his "Polio Pioneer" button he must have had three shots over a five-week period. For practical reasons these must be completed before the polio season begins and also before school lets out, and that is by June 1 in some states. But no vaccination can begin until next week at the earliest, after the foundation's Vaccine Advisory Committee, headed by the Rockefeller Institute's Dr. Thomas M. Rivers, gives a final verdict on the vaccine's safety, based on Dr. Salk's preliminary trials in the Pittsburgh area.

North Carolina pulled out of the whole program last week because there would not be time to squeeze it in. Michigan's Washtenaw County dropped out because of scaremongering and general confusion, and eleven other counties hung in the balance. Some rural counties whose schools close earlier than adjacent cities may have to drop out because of the difficulty of trying to round up children for the final shot or post-vaccination blood samples. But Montgomery, Ala., determined to go ahead even if children have to be rounded up along the creek banks, on the sandlots, or wherever they are.

The vaccine itself is available: 237 gallons, safety-tested in three laboratories and approved by the Rivers committee, were being shipped out last week. That would be enough for the full course for 300,000 children. An additional 118-gallon lot was ready to go as soon as the commit-

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tee gave the word. Thousands of volunteer workers awaited the signal. Schedules for classrooms, doctors, nurses, teachers and children, along with flow charts, were ready. So were the needles.

Thumb in Neck

After operations and heavy X-ray treatments for cancer of the thyroid, Mrs. Leota Rogers, 21, seemed to be getting along well at a ranch near Moses Lake in central Washington. She was riding her own horses and helping around the house. But a fortnight ago, as she finished an afternoon snack, the carotid artery in the right side of her neck burst where it had been weakened by the cancer and treatment. Blood spurted halfway across the room. Mrs. Rogers took the first step toward saving her life by plugging the pencil-size hole with her finger.

The ranch manager carried her to his car and raced five miles into town. Her physician, Dr. Jerry Fairbanks, 31, found her near death upon arrival. A nurse and another doctor lent their thumbs in turn to close the wound while Dr. Fairbanks gave Mrs. Rogers both plasma and whole blood, telephoned Yakima for more blood, and arranged for an ambulance trip to Spokane. Relays of state troopers rushed the blood 110 miles from Yakima; then Dr. Fairbanks bundled his patient up for the equally long drive to Spokane. He kept his thumb on the artery all the way.

It was after midnight before a Spokane surgeon could finish tying off the artery above and below the break and, until he had done, Dr. Fairbanks' thumb was still in demand.

Last week Mrs. Rogers was sitting up in bed, and showed no ill effects from her highly unusual accident and loss of blood. Other arteries, including the left carotid, had taken over the job of supplying blood to the head.

From His Own Backyard

There is no evidence that typical human cancers have anything to do with a virus. And if there were, treatment with antibiotics would do no good because none has been found to have any effect on true viruses. These stubborn facts have not deterred Dr. John E. Gregory of Pasadena, Calif. To "prove" his thesis that human cancer is caused by a virus, he has put out a book with photographs purporting to show the virus particles under the electron microscope. He grosses \$400,000 a year by treating up to 300 patients a day with "Gregorymycin," which he calls an antibiotic developed from soil scooped up in the backyard of his San Marino estate. And he claims many cures.

Last week the California Medical Association's Cancer Commission loosed a blast at Dr. Gregory, 50, a 1933 graduate of California's College of Medical Evangelists. In its detailed published report, the commission said it had found:

¶ No proof that Gregory's micrographs actually showed a virus, let alone one which might be a cause of cancer.

¶ No evidence that Gregorymycin had any effect against bacteria or viruses, or any

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It's bad enough to be seriously sick or injured. It's worse to sink into debt at the same time!

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Faced with medical bills that soar far beyond your means, could you give your family the best of care? And if you did, would a staggering pile of debts haunt you for years?

Now—what you can do

Equitable's Major Medical Expense policy is important to you and your family *whether or not* you are now covered by the usual medical insurance or hospitalization plans.

Here's how this policy works: if you have medical expenses over \$500 in a 60-day period, Equitable pays 75% of all covered costs over \$500. Benefits continue for the same accident or illness for a year from the start of the 60-day period...beyond a year if you are still in a hospital. Benefits may continue up to \$7500 for *each accident or illness*, for *every* member of your family covered.

Both husband and wife and one or more children under 18 can be covered by this new policy. Single men and women, 18 to 60, are eligible also.

You are completely free to select your own doctor or specialist—to choose your own hospital—and to have the kind of private-duty nursing, by registered

nurses, that your doctor prescribes.

Equitable's policy covers surgery and many other medical costs both *in* and *out* of hospital—and even if you never go to the hospital.

The Case of John H.

Consider the case of John H., a businessman of Omaha, Neb. He earns \$6500 a year. Last fall he was stricken by cancer—the kind, luckily, that yielded to surgery—but it cost him \$5220.

As a result, his lifetime savings of \$1800 were wiped out. His bills went far beyond the ordinary protection of hospitalization and surgical insurance.

Now fully recovered—but deep in debt—he estimates it will take him years to get out of debt.

Had he been covered by an Equitable Major Medical Expense policy, he would be a debt-free man today.

SEE your local Equitable Representative—for full information without obligation. He can bring you peace of mind. He can protect you against these ruinous medical bills. And the cost of the plan he offers is low—amazingly low in relation to the broad protection it gives you.

ATTENTION EMPLOYERS: Equitable's major medical expense coverage may be obtained on a group basis for your employees. Ask your Equitable Representative for full details.

**Based on the annual premium for husband 35, wife 30, with one or more children. Applicants up to age 60 may qualify.*

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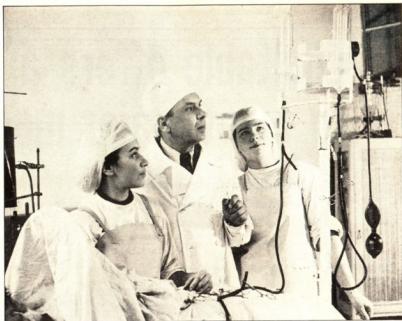
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PHYSIOLOGIST NEGOVSKY (CENTER) & ASSISTANTS
 Back from the brink of beyond.

Sovfoto

value (such as several drugs have) against some animal cancers or leukemia.

¶ No sign that Gregory's concoction has done cancer patients any more good than plain water—though the commission found 82 death certificates signed by Gregory and his assistants listing cancer as the cause of death.

Dr. Gregory's answer: "I will turn the other cheek and continue my work." And, he added, he now has something "even better" than Gregomycin.

Adrenalin for the "Dead"

No matter how often the Soviet scientific line may twist and turn, Russian researchers have never lost interest in revival of the "dead." They were working on it before the Revolution of 1905, and in 1952 Professor Vladimir Aleksandrovich Negovsky won a Stalin Prize of 100,000 rubles for such work in his Laboratory of Experimental Physiology for Reviving of Organisms. Still at it, he has now piled up an impressive score of patients plucked from the brink of beyond.

Naturally, the Soviet scientists define carefully the conditions under which their technique can be expected to work. It is no good, they say, when death has resulted from a long illness and vital organs have been gravely impaired. It is most likely to work after accidents, wounds or surgical shock. Then, they say, the victim spends five or six minutes in a state of "clinical death" (with no heart action or breathing) but still short of absolute or biologic death.

Within this narrow time span, Dr. Negovsky and his colleagues slap on a pulmofort type of respirator and slip a transfusion needle into an arm or leg artery. Then, pumping toward the heart, they give blood that has been generously

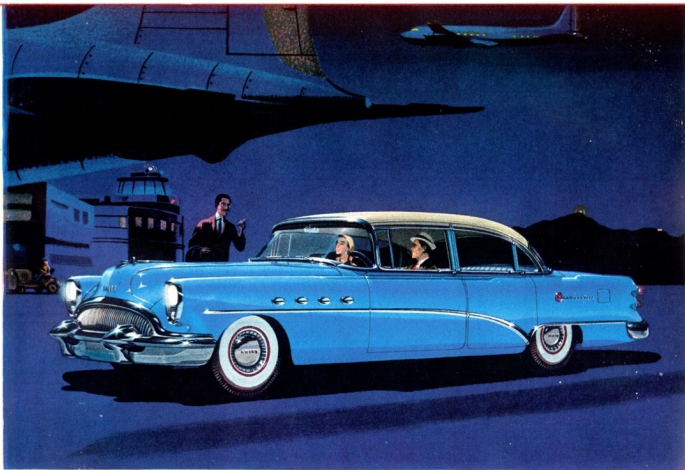
spiked with adrenalin and glucose. Heart action is generally revived in less than a minute. Blood is then transfused by vein. Restoration of breathing may take as long as 18 minutes. Only after this are the higher nervous centers revived, with the body functions that they control. If the process is too prolonged, some brain centers never recover.

Last week, Physiologist Negovsky reported that this revival technique had been used in more than 1,800 cases since it was tried in the "Great Patriotic War," and that half the patients had pulled through with no mental impairment. The method is so simple that it "can be employed in any surgical department or first-aid station," he wrote, and the Ministry of Public Health is recommending its use in every hospital and first-aid center in the U.S.S.R.

Mum's the Word

Psychiatrists who seize upon each slip of the tongue or pen and find unconscious Freudian motives for it can go too far, protests Psychiatrist Eugene J. Alexander. In the Henry Ford Hospital's *Medical Bulletin* he writes:

"Such neat analyses make us very proud of ourselves as psychiatrists, but also very close to being dealers in idle speculation instead of physicians. No, the mental process is simpler than that . . . I read all the signs along the road; my wife sees all the flowers. Why am I so blind as to think a petunia and a nasturtium look alike, and she so blind that she reads 'I am not rich' as 'I am now rich'? . . . When I call a chrysanthemum a gardenia, just call it ignorance, and not evidence of a repressed destructive wish toward mums, mummy, mammy, mommy and mother."



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HERE stands, in literal fact, the finest automobile that the great Buick factories have ever been privileged to build.

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interiors, a new high-air ventilation system, a new instrument panel with a completely new speedometer which you read at the horizontal.

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Its V8 engine attains a new high of 200 horsepower, linked, incidentally, with the new economy of Power-Head Pistons.

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suspension is newly designed to an even finer control on curves, and its ride is more perfectly leveled and poised.

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SCIENCE

New Weapons

The Army announced last week that it was equipping units with two new tactical rockets, each fitted to carry either atomic or conventional (TNT) warheads:

¶ The "Corporal," a huge supersonic rocket designed to strike selected targets up to 100 miles behind enemy lines. Remote-controlled, it is a bigger, surface-to-surface cousin of the Army's high-altitude "Nike" anti-aircraft guided missiles.

¶ The "Honest John" artillery rocket, smaller and more mobile, with a 15-mile range for battlefield support of infantry. A free-flight missile, uncontrolled by electronic devices, it is aimed like a conventional artillery piece but packs a much bigger punch. Even carrying ordinary explosives, one "Honest John" furnishes fire power equal to hundreds of artillery shells.

Both weapons will be used to supplement the Army's 280-mm. atomic cannon (range: 20 miles) and the Air Force's radio-controlled Matador jets already stationed in Germany.

Diggers

Ancient Mexico is famous for its temples and pyramids; less known and harder to study are the lives of the ancient Mexicans. For nine years Archeologist Richard MacNeish of the Canadian National Museum has devoted himself to this job. Last week he was finishing the excavation of a cave in northeastern Mexico that contained a long cultural history of a Mexican people.

In the high Sierra Madre Mountains of the State of Tamaulipas lived the Huasteca Indians, who were tough and somewhat provincial. They never reached the top

level of indigenous civilization, but from Dr. MacNeish's point of view, they had an admirable habit: they lived or sheltered in dry mountain caves.

Since 1945 MacNeish has poked into more than 300 caves. In 1949 he found in one of them a primitive corncob which he sent to Botanist Paul C. Mangelsdorf of Harvard. Dated by radioactive carbon, it proved to be more than 4,000 years old and cleared up several mysteries about the origin of corn. Urged and partially financed by Harvard to find even older corn, MacNeish returned last year to Tamaulipas.

Dust Chronicle. Tipped off by Don Ignacio Guerra, a local rancher and amateur archeologist, he struggled up the remote Infernillo (Little Hell) Canyon and at last reached two caves in its vertical sides. The floor of the first was covered with four feet of dustlike material that he recognized at once as archeological pay dirt. It was chiefly the dried-up remains of millennia of human occupancy.

There were 21 distinct layers, each older than the one above it. High points were the finding of five matting-wrapped mummies, bone-dry and well preserved. They had been buried in a doubled-up position, like babies in the womb. The ancient Huastecas believed in an afterlife, and they thought that this style of burial favored a prompt rebirth.

When the lowest layer of dirt was laid down considerably more than 4,000 years ago, the people who sheltered in the cave were simple hunters. They lived on wild plants and game, which they killed with crude spears. Fishing equipment (nets and wooden harpoons) suggests that the climate was wetter then, and that Little Hell Canyon may have contained a lake.



© Juan Guzman

MACNEISH & CHILD MUMMY
Every moment, more surprises.

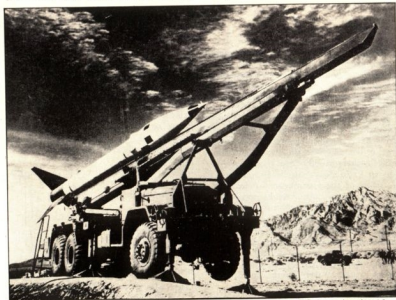
First sign of agriculture was squash seeds. Then came corn, the staff of Mexican life. The ears were only two or three inches long, and the kernels were covered with individual husks. Some cobs showed tooth marks; they had apparently been eaten as modern people eat sweet corn. MacNeish estimates that agriculture provided about 4% of the food at this period (4,000 years ago). The rest were wild plants and animals, which were hunted with the *atlatl* or spear-throwing stick.

Figurines & Child. Two thousand years later (about the time of Julius Caesar) a more sophisticated culture flourished in Little Hell Canyon. Corncocks were more numerous, and pods of beans, the second staple of Mexican diet, lay in the dust among them. Fragments of grinding stones suggest that the corn was ground into meal. The people had learned to make pottery, and their artistic or religious impulses led them to manufacture small clay figurines.

Nearer the surface and nearer in time lay the stone heads of arrows. The pottery was better, too. The corncocks were much bigger, and sugar cane and probably tobacco had joined the cultivated crops. In the topmost layers were corncocks almost as big as modern ones.

In the second cave Dr. MacNeish has already found the matting-wrapped mummy of a baby girl, folded up tenderly for a happier rebirth.

The modern descendants of the Huastecas, who still inhabit the Sierra Madre, have become devoted archeologists. Almost every day they tell him about some new cave to explore. They have even written songs about him. Sample: "Every moment came surprises/ Arrows of many sizes/ And wrapped in rare style/ Mummies thousands of years old . . ."



U.S. Army—Associated Press

ARMY'S "HONEST JOHN" ROCKET ON MOBILE LAUNCHER
For longer missions, a corporal.

SPORT

Millionaire at High Speed

(See Cover)

Outside a tidy hangar just northwest of Palm Beach's International Airport hangs a neatly lettered sign: PRIVATE KEEP OUT. The rest of the sign, if the busy men inside bothered to spell it out, could read: SPORTSMEN AT WORK. Inside, periodically deafened by the take-off thunder of DC-6s and Globemasters, crews of men in blue coveralls worked lovingly this week over three low-silhouette (40 inches) automobiles with an arresting look of sleek power.

No sports-car fan in the U.S. or abroad would have to look twice to know what they are: Cunninghams, in the blue-and-white international racing colors of the U.S.,[®] the only U.S.-built cars that can

a Ford and barreling out to surprise his friends on the highway. Among the well-heeled, there is a boom in sports cars; among the nostalgic, the urge to find a "classic," or "antique," such as a vintage Mercer, Marmon or Stutz, and fret and burnish it to an immaculate, working shine.

This June Briggs Cunningham, sports-car builder and racing driver by postwar compulsion, will be out to show that his U.S.-built cars can perform with the best in the world's No. 1 road race: France's famed 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Le Mans. To hundreds of thousands of U.S. speed fans, he is the symbol of all their own sporty urges, the man who makes fast cars and races them with the best at home and abroad.

To his friends of the British racing

stop to 110 m.p.h. in eleven seconds, reach top speeds of 160 m.p.h. on a straightaway.

But at Le Mans, no matter how much speed a car has, it must also be able to slow down to a crawl for the 90° turns—and do it quickly. Last year Cunningham & Co. saw the British Jaguars snatch victory from them with new disk brakes that withstood the 24-hour pounding without too much "fading," i.e., loss of bite. This week the third racing car in the Cunningham hangar was being fitted with a radical new set of liquid-cooled brakes whose specifications are still secret. This car, a Cunningham-V-12 Ferrari, is entered in the 200-mile President's Cup Race at Andrews Air Force Base next month. If the new brakes hold up (and earlier liquid-cooled brakes never have), Cunningham may be able to spring a major surprise on the Jaguars, Lancias and others at Le Mans.

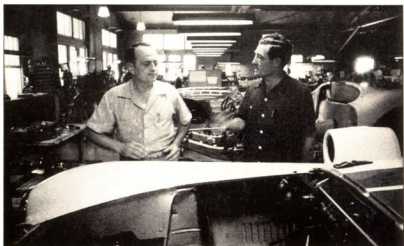
There should be no surprises on the 8.6-mile Le Mans course, a crudely rectangular ribbon of asphalt stretched over the gently rolling French countryside. Cunningham, like the rest of the Le Mans drivers, knows it by night & day, and by heart. "Among other things, there's a fog early in the morning. I don't know anything as hair-raising as driving in that fog at 150 m.p.h. It's in patches and moves about the course."

He is familiar with the sharply angled turns where a miscreant can send car and driver hurtling into trees. He knows the delicate little jog at Maison Blanche, almost midway in the long (2.7 mile) northwest straightaway—where the drivers are at flat-out top speed and where British-born Driver Tommy Cole spun out and was killed last year. "I was following right behind him," said Cunningham. "I saw a yellow flag and jammed on the brakes, and saw him lying on the road and his car rammed up against the gully. You have to concentrate like the devil."

"I Don't Know Why . . ." There are other kinds of danger. Engines can overheat and tear themselves apart before a groggy driver has fully realized the warning of his oil and temperature gauges. Without warning, gearboxes can shatter, axles crumble, fuel lines clog up, brakes freeze or fade out, tires blow. Cunningham & Co. are just as aware of these mechanical hazards as they are of the physical hazards. In the last years, fewer than 40% of the starters have even managed to limp through the grueling 24-hour test, much less finish it with the cars intact.

Cunningham enjoys the distinction of leading the first U.S. entries at Le Mans since 1929—and the added distinction of having made the best showing there of any teams of U.S. cars and drivers.[®] In his first race, in 1950, driving a heavy spe-

[®] The only U.S. winner on the Le Mans course was Jimmy Murphy, driving a Duesenberg in a 1921 speed test. Since 1923, Le Mans has been a 24-hour speed-endurance test. A U.S. Stutz (France's Edward Brisson driving) placed second to a Bentley in 1928.



WALTERS & CUNNINGHAM IN PALM BEACH ASSEMBLY HANGAR

"Once the damn bug hits you, it's hard to get rid of."

challenge, in classic road racing, the Ferraris and Lancias of Italy, the Jaguars of Britain, the Mercedes-Benzes of Germany.

Unlike the manufacturers of these famed European cars, the builder of the sleek blue-and-white racers at Palm Beach is not in business to make money or to advertise the qualities of his regular production models. At 47, Briggs Swift Cunningham of Palm Beach and Greens Farms, Conn. is an outstanding example of a vanishing breed: the millionaire amateur who devotes his time and money, his enthusiasm and his burning energy to the pursuit of a breakneck sport.

More than that, Millionaire Cunningham is the ranking figure in the whole throbbing, racking U.S. preoccupation with motor cars and engines. Before World War II, youngsters with a hankering for speed and excitement almost inevitably took to airplanes. Now the young U.S. speed fancier is apt to find his big kick in tucking a Cadillac engine into the ribs of

fraternity. Cunningham is "Old Briggs—bless his heart." To the Germans, he is "der grösste Idealist" (the greatest idealist) in the sport. To the Italians, he is "un pericoloso rivale" (a dangerous competitor).

By Night & by Heart, Briggs Cunningham, whose years of yachting, flying and racing have given him piercing eyes and a weather-beaten face of fine, light, top-grain leather, stood close by his speedsters in Palm Beach this week overseeing the work of the Cunningham mechanics. With Le Mans seven weeks away, the cars are in various stages of reassembly. Two of them, veterans of last year's Le Mans, are being rebuilt from the engine blocks up. All their moving parts, and most of their other parts, will be new: pistons, rods, cylinder heads, crankshafts, valves, rings, water pumps, oil filters, distributors.

Essentially, the cars will still be ones that Cunningham and his fellow drivers know well: V-8 Chrysler engines in Cunningham bodies and frames, souped up to 330 h.p., that can accelerate from a dead

[®] Some others: Britain, green; France, blue; Italy, fire-engine red; Germany, silver.



Frank Scherschel—Life

DRIVERS JOCKEYING FOR POSITION AT START OF LE MANS RACE (1953)

For 24 hours, the threat of high-speed spin-outs, crumbling axles and shifting patches of morning fog.

cial job with a Cunningham chassis and Cadillac engine (which the French affectionately dubbed *Le Monstre*), he finished a respectable eleventh. In 1951, his first year with Chrysler engines, one Cunningham spun out and was wrecked, a second dropped out with mechanical trouble, and the third, after running second in the late hours of the race, came down with bearing trouble and crept home 18th. In 1952, thanks to a drastic weight reduction from 3,800 to 2,800 lbs., the Cunninghams were faster than before; Cunningham himself, driving a staggering 19½ hours, finished fourth with an average speed of 88 m.p.h. Last year, after a further 200-lb. weight reduction, the Cunninghams finished third, seventh and tenth, turned in a top average of 104.14 m.p.h. against the winning Jaguar's 105.85.

For the high-priced professionals who drive for most of the European manufacturers, victory or even a respectable finish at Le Mans means a handsome bonus. For such amateurs as Cunningham, the nearest thing to a tangible reward is champagne and a back-pounding—and Cunningham doesn't care much for champagne. "I don't really know why I like to race," he says, considering the question as though it had never been put before. "By golly, if you like automobiles and like to drive fast, I guess you like racing. Once the damn bug bites you, it's hard to get rid of it."

The Epidemic. The "damn bug" has gripped drivers, spectators, garage mechanics, backyard engineers, high-school boys, middle-aged businessmen. On scores

of enclosed tracks from coast to coast, drivers of hot-rods, modified stocks, mid-gets and micro-mid-gets chase each other from New Year's to Christmas. The annual Indianapolis 500-miler is drawing bigger crowds (and producing higher speeds) than ever. Utah's famed Bonneville Salt Flats is the scene several times a year of hair raising time trials, run by serious-minded engine improvers who rev up their alcohol-fueled streamliners to 250 m.p.h. over string-straight courses.*

For Briggs Cunningham and thousands of other Americans, the bug leads to sports cars, i.e., a car to be driven for the sheer sport of driving. In the modern era, it is the Europeans who have done most to define the sports car—by building it to meet 1) the demands of Europe's winding network of old-fashioned roads, and 2) the tastes of European driving bloods. Fundamentally, it is an open two-seater, light in weight, with a fast pickup, quick brakes and good "cornering qualities," i.e., the road-hugging ability to take a curve at high speed without turning over.

Since the end of the war, when Cunningham and others founded the Sports Car Club of America, membership has doubled nearly every year, and 175 like-minded groups have sprung up across the country with members driving everything from British MGs (\$2,250 and up) to

Jaguar 120s (\$3,345 and up) to 4.5-liter Ferraris (\$15,000 and up). Detroit is obviously perking up and taking notice. The Chevrolet Corvette and the Ford Thunderbird (Time, Feb. 2, 1953), though probably not sporty enough for European purists, are efforts to meet 1) the conditions of the U.S. highway network, and 2) the tastes and pocketbooks of a potentially good-size U.S. market.

"All Persons Are Warned." In Europe, where both salt flats and hot-rods are rare, the racing emphasis is on sports cars and their Grand Prix counterparts.* The road-racing circuit is year long over such famed courses as Germany's Nürburgring, where half a million crowd the 174 crackling curves, France's narrow Rheims course, where a quarter-of-a-million fans congregate, and England's Silverstone and Goodwood courses, where the crowds reach 125,000. Italy has its closed course at Monza and the wide-open public road race of the Mille Miglia, the thousand-miler up and over the Apennines from Brescia to Rome and back, which is watched every July by a million cheering fans.

Time was, in the goggle and duster days, when the U.S. had such a road tradition, when half a million New Yorkers jammed out to watch the Vanderbilt Cup

* World auto speed record, for engines of unlimited size: 394.196 m.p.h., set by Britain's John Cobb in a 24-cylinder, 2,600 h.p. Railton-Mobil at Bonneville in 1947.

* Unlike Le Mans-type sports cars, which must be equipped with such standards as headlights, batteries, self-starters and a spare tire, Grand Prix cars, much like Indianapolis racers, are stripped down to bare essentials of engine, chassis and a place to sit.



CHALMERS-DETROIT IN VANDERBILT CUP RACE (1909)
Also chained dogs and embattled farmers.

races on Long Island. In the Vanderbilt were such car names, now dim, as Pope-Toledo, Darracq, Simplex and Locomobile, such still familiar ones as Mercedes and Fiat. The driver lists included such U.S. professionals as Barney Oldfield, Ralph de Palma, such millionaire amateurs as William K. Vanderbilt himself and Spencer Wishart, such Europeans as Jenatzy, first man to exceed 60 m.p.h., Lancia, Nazzaro, Victor Hemery and Louis Chevrolet. But the top-lofty language of the racing notices enraged many a Long Island citizen from the first: "All persons are warned against using the roads between the hours of 5 a.m. and 3 p.m. . . . Chain your dogs and lock up your fowl." By 1910, more than the local farmers were embattled. That year, the crowds were so large and unmanageable that four spectators were killed, and 22 more ended up in hospitals. That race sounded the knell of U.S. road racing for many a year.

Stately Pierces. Briggs Cunningham was born in the middle of the Vanderbilt Cup era, in 1907. But at the Cunningham house in Cincinnati, where Briggs Sr. made his money in meat packing, the speedy shenanigans on Long Island were ignored. Father Cunningham was a lover of good horseflesh. It was not until he died in 1914 that Mrs. Cunningham bought the family's first car, a stately Pierce Arrow that Briggs, with the help of the family chauffeur, later learned to drive.

Cunningham remembers that first Pierce well, since "mother was happy with the same car as long as it would run. It lasted ten years, and after that we had another Pierce that lasted another ten years." Briggs got his own first car, a Dodge, at 16, graduated to Auburns and Packards at a time when some of his racier friends were racketing around in Stutz Bearcats and Mercer Raceabouts.

He signed up at Yale's engineering

school, but gave it up at the end of his sophomore year and married Lucie Bedford, daughter of a New York industrialist—and an enthusiastic sailor. The young couple went to Europe on their honeymoon; Briggs bought a rip-snorting Alfa Romeo, but he was more interested in his six-meter yacht, which he had shipped over from Long Island Sound for racing on the Riviera.

Back in the U.S., Cunningham, like many another of his generation, learned to fly airplanes. But sailing became his chief sport. Sparing nothing to get the best boats available, he won time & again in the tough six-meter class, and sailed against the best, e.g., Corny Shields, Arthur Knapp, in the top-drawer Interna-

tional Class. He also began collecting "classic" sports cars. Among them: a 1929 Bugatti Royale, a 1913 Mercer Raceabout, a 1909 American Underslung, a 1913 Peugeot, plus a mint collection of Bentleys, the \$15,000 British sports car that Cunningham generally drives when he is not racing. Cunningham candidly admits that he does not know precisely how many of the cars (all licensed, tuned and ready to go) he keeps in the spreading garage on his estate at Greens Farms, but his best guess is "between 30 and 40."

The children—Briggs Jr., 21, Lucie, 20, and Lynn, 9—have been brought up in the sailing tradition, though Briggs Jr. managed to squeeze in a few sports-car races (he won one in his father's O.S.C.A.) before entering the Navy last year.

Air to Ground. In World War II, Airman Briggs Cunningham flew antisubmarine patrols for the Coast Guard (after being turned down as over age by the Air Force). When it was over, he tucked his flying license away and took a hard look at the new European sports cars. His first purchase was a chirpy little British MG, soon followed by a 2-liter Ferrari and a Jaguar 120. Meanwhile, the sports-car revival in the U.S. was gathering speed. A highly successful road race was held in 1948 at Watkins Glen, N.Y., another at Bridgehampton, L.I. in 1949. The enthusiasm spread to races at Elkhart Lake, Ind., and to the West Coast at Pebble Beach, Calif. Cunningham, more enthusiastic than most, was able to do something about it.

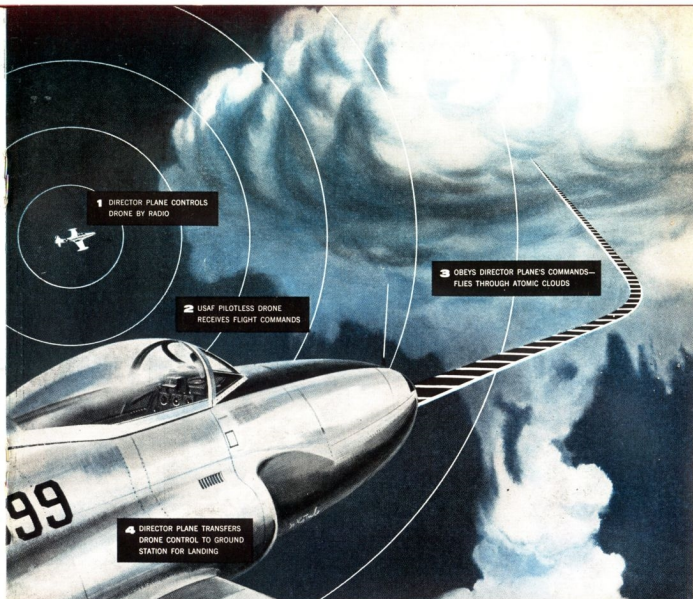
At the Watkins Glen race of 1949, he met Phil Walters and Bill Frick, who were operating a Long Island custom-repair shop for U.S. and foreign cars. They

Nowadays a thriving establishment, Frick Motors, Inc., where Bill Frick specializes in turning out such sporty items as the Studebaker (Studebaker refitted with Cadillac engine) and the Fordillac.



CUNNINGHAM RACER (FITCH AT THE WHEEL)
Also hot-rods, stocks and micro-midgets.

Don Fager



Pilotless Jets Penetrate Atomic Cloud in Tests

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THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

■ Mix the drama of atomic tests and pilotless flight and it's page one news. Such was the case when the U. S. Air Force thrust pilotless jet drones into the heart of atomic clouds and landed them safely—with their cargo of mice and monkeys—for scientific study by the Atomic Energy Commission.

■ The story behind the testing of the effect of radiation on animals is one of pilotless flight, "beep" pilots and precise

Sperry controls. Lockheed QF-80 drones, specially equipped with Sperry remote flight control systems, fly through atomic clouds guided by radio and radar.

■ These drones are flown remotely by skilled USAF pilots who use "beep" boxes to command them—either from director planes in the air or control stations on the ground for take-off and landing. Under their radio commands the drone takes off, at the proper speed retracts its landing gear, climbs to the desired altitude, banks and turns and keeps the airspeed necessary to arrive at

an exact point in the atomic cloud at a prescribed second.

■ This remarkable flight control system brings the drone through the awesome turbulence of the atomic cloud under complete control—on course and altitude. Returning to its airbase, the radiation-saturated drone lands as precisely as though a veteran pilot were at its controls.

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got to chatting about the feasibility of an American sports car, and before long B. S. Cunningham Inc. was formed, with Phil Walters as general manager.

Ups & Downs. Since then, U.S. road racing has had its ups & downs. In 1950, Sam Collier, a close friend of Cunningham and one of the original Sports Car Club enthusiasts, was killed in a Ferrari in the Watkins Glen Race. Two years later a skidding Cadillac-Allard killed a youngster who was watching from a Watkins Glen sidewalk. The same year, a driver was killed at Bridgehampton. Again there was a public hue & cry, an echo of the Vanderbilt Cup days, and road racing was on its uppers.

At the critical moment, just when it seemed that sports cars were about to be driven off the roads again, the Strategic Air Command's General Curtis LeMay (a sports-car fan who once owned a Cadillac-Allard) stepped up with an offer to make airfields available—at a price. The price was reasonable: all proceeds to an Air Force benefit fund. A year later, after five races, the Air Force fund had collected more than \$200,000, and the sports-car enthusiasts had a safe place to race, where crowds of up to 100,000 could be effectively controlled.

The Cunningham has been a star performer in airport races, generally driven by the team's three top drivers, General Manager Walters, 38, who piloted gliders in the airborne attack on Europe, Johnny Fitch, 37, an ex-fighter pilot, and Cunningham himself. These, with Bill Spear, 37, Sherwood Johnston, 26, and John Gordon Benett, 41, make up the Cunningham group registered for this year's Le Mans.

Team Captain. As captain of his Le Mans team, Briggs Cunningham will have special responsibilities, most of them predictable. During the race, when he is not driving (Le Mans rules, since 1952, limit a driver to 18 hours), he is the boss. "I have the final say. If a problem comes up and I'm around, they ask me. If one of our cars spun out and the driver got killed, I'd have to decide whether to keep the other two in" (a problem that might not occur to the hardheaded professionals Cunningham races against). If it is his turn to rest in the pits, he suffers intensely from enforced idleness, will make work for himself. He has been caught at such times, broom in hand, furiously sweeping out his machine-shop trailer.

He is well aware of his inability to relax, and last year, at a team strategy meeting, attempted to apologize in advance. "I get impatient and might blow my top. If I see Eddie [a chain-smoking mechanic and a natural comic] smoking in the pits and punch him in the nose, I hope you'll understand and not think anything of it." Eddie had a ready answer: "If I punch you back, I hope you won't be offended," a remark that broke up the meeting.

The European Array. It is also predictable that Cunningham & Co. will this year be facing the most formidable array of European cars they have yet met. (One

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ARGENTINA'S FANGIO

It's not always how fast you go, but how slow you dare.

exception: Germany's Mercedes-Benz announced last week that its cars will not be ready in time to compete.)

Italy's Lancia will be there, with a re-assembled version of the cars that swept the 1,920-mile Mexican Road Race 1-2-3 last November. Driving for Lancia will be the most imposing array of champions since the prewar days of the late Tazio Nuvolari, old Rudolf Caracciola and Louis Chiron. On Lancia's list: World Champion Alberto Ascari, former World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina, and Italy's famed Piero Taruffi. England's Jaguar will be there, a completely new hush-hush model, and a stable of such eager youngsters as Stirling Moss, winner of the U.S.'s Sebring Grand Prix (in a Cunningham-stabled O.S.C.A.), and Reg Parnell.

France will have its Talbot, the car that held the lead through the 23rd hour of the 1952 race, and its light (1,800 lbs.), nimble Gordini. And the chief threat of all will be the new 4.9-liter Ferrari, making its Le Mans debut.

Cunningham is well aware of the odds against him. His veteran Chrysler-powered Cunninghams may have as much horsepower as any of the other Le Mans cars, but several of the fastest European cars "have a better horsepower-to-weight ratio than we do," i.e., are lighter and accelerate faster.

The other side of the argument: Le Mans is a test of both speed and endurance. It is by no means certain that the nimblest cars will hold up.

Says Cunningham himself: "In the Le Mans, it is not a question of how fast you can go, but how slow you dare to go to save the motor and still keep up your standing." It can be a tantalizing question. Last year, the top Cunningham's average lap time was just 1 m.p.h. too slow. This year, as usual, Cunningham will do his best. If it is not good enough, he will try again.

Logic & Logistics. Cunningham's 1954 invasion of Europe will involve expensive and careful logistics. Besides his team of fellow drivers, there will be a crew of 20 mechanics to be transported (on the S.S. *Mauretania*) and housed at Le Mans. Besides his racing cars, which will be loaded on to the *Mauretania* next month, Cunningham will transport his mammoth machine-shop trailer with its self-con-

tained generator, power lathe, drill press and surface grinder, which also accommodates enough spare parts to rebuild a Cunningham right on the spot (chassis excepted).

Cunningham himself will fly over in time to pick up the cars. From Le Havre, the Cunninghams will go to Le Mans under their own power. Most of the other cars in the race, particularly those from the big European sports-car plants, will be coddled to Le Mans in vans, like so many fragile, high-spirited race horses. But not the Cunninghams.

Though he would be the last one to mention it, Builder Cunningham takes quiet pride in the fact that his cars are built to be driven and enjoyed, not nursed and coddled. Wherever they race, no matter if it takes a thousand miles of hard driving to get there, the Cunningham arrives under its own power. Le Mans will be expecting them, and their racing owner. To the French at Le Mans, Amateur Briggs Cunningham is "le grand Américain au grand coeur."

Scoreboard

¶ In Detroit, the Red Wings won hockey's Stanley Cup for the third time in five years, beating the Montreal Canadiens four games to three in one of the roughest play-offs in hockey history. Hero of the series: little (5 ft. 7 in.) Red Wing Forward Tony Leswick, who broke up a "sudden death" overtime period in the final game by slamming a 40-ft. screen shot into the Canadian net.

¶ At Tinsley Green, England, Woodcutter George Maynard, 82, led the marble masters of Sussex to an easy (33-16) victory in a match for the unofficial marble-shooting championship of the world. Sniping "knuckle down" from the taw circle, exactly as their Elizabethan ancestors did, the oldtimers shattered the pretensions of their challengers, a team of U.S. Navy sailors called the Grosvenor Gobs.

¶ At Jamaica, N.Y., C. V. Whitney's brown cat Fisherman, Hedley Woodhouse up, splashed to an easy win in the \$30,000 Gotham Stakes.

¶ In Boston, Finland's Veikko Karvonen, runner-up a year ago, won the annual (since 1897) Boston Marathon. Time: 2:20:39, one minute and 48 seconds off the record.



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THE PRESS

The Oppenheimer Story

To Washington correspondents, Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer's troubles with the Atomic Energy Commission (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) had been no secret. For more than four months, capital newsmen had been picking up bits of the story, but no one could nail it all down. New York Times Washington Bureau Chief James B. Reston went to work to do so. Instead of trying to run it down through Government bureaus, "Scotty" Reston went directly to the one man who was sure to know, Oppenheimer himself.

Oppenheimer confirmed Reston's information that he had been suspended as an AEC adviser, but declined to give further details. Reston felt it would not be in the public interest to print what he knew at that point, quietly put his bureau to work digging out background.

But when Senator Joe McCarthy broadly hinted on TV that he was about to let go a blast at Oppenheimer (TIME, April 19), Reston went to Oppenheimer again. This time Oppenheimer offered to give him both the AEC charges against him and his reply, though he insisted that the documents be for background only and not for publication. Reston refused to accept such conditions, since he knew that the story would break any time and did not want to be tied down to such a promise. Next day Reston went at Oppenheimer again, argued that the Times was entitled to the documents, since the paper had withheld what it already knew. He left with the documents, but promised not to print them until the story broke.

At the same time, Columnists Joe and Stewart Alsop were trying to pry the story loose. They had also gone to their good friend Oppenheimer, suggesting that

he release his answers to the entire press, thus depriving themselves of a beat but giving Oppenheimer a better public hearing. The Times and the New York Herald Tribune, the Alsops' home paper, broke the news at the same time, but it was Reston who got the full story. Three days after Reston was handed the documents, Oppenheimer's lawyers called him in Washington, told him to go ahead. Reston dispatched an office boy by plane to New York with a full set of the documents and one of the big news beats of the year.

Family Affair

The conservative, staid Cincinnati Times-Star (circ. 154,579) has always been a family affair. Directed by aging (76) Publisher Hulbert Taft, the paper is controlled by the Taft family; a 5% block of stock is held by the estate of Publisher Taft's cousin, the late Senator Robert A. Taft, and Bob Taft's son Lloyd is a vice president of the paper today. Last week Publisher Taft made sure that the paper will remain under Taft family control. He stepped down as publisher and into his chair went his cousin, David Sinton Ingalls, 55, Bob Taft's campaign manager. No newsmen himself, Dave Ingalls, a grandnephew of President William Howard Taft, became the U.S. Navy's only ace in World War I. He served as Assistant Navy Secretary for Air under Hoover, was an unsuccessful candidate for governor of Ohio (1932). Lawyer Ingalls went into the Navy again, rose to the rank of commodore during World War II, worked on Taft's campaigns after coming out.

In his new job, Publisher Ingalls, who has long been a director of the paper, will leave the news side to the paper's editor-



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rial staff, concentrate on boosting ads and circulation. It will not be an easy task. Ever since the *Times-Star* tried to buy the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and lost out when the *Enquirer's* employees bought the paper instead (TIME, June 16, 1952), the *Times-Star* has been in a neck-and-neck battle with its evening competitor, the Scripps-Howard *Post*. Newsmen guessed that the battle might end in a merger of the two papers, leaving the afternoon field with only one daily. But on his first day at his new job, Publisher Ingalls made it clear that the *Times-Star* intends to fight the competition rather than buy it. Said he: "We have no present intention of making any sale, merger or purchase of any newspaper properties."

Boston Payroll

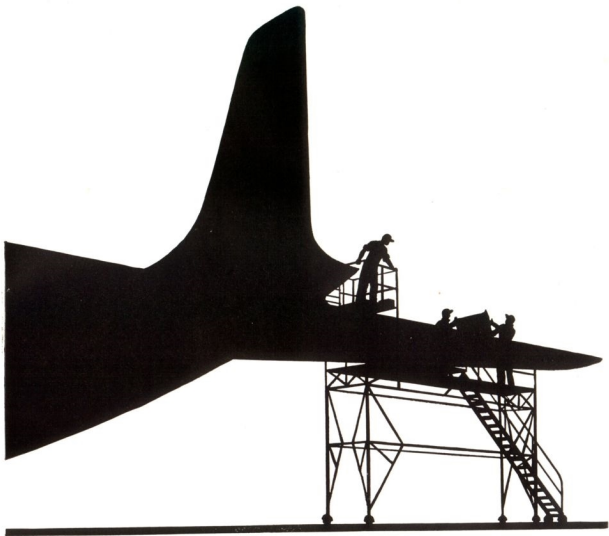
Like other newsmen, sportswriters must keep in close touch with their sources. Last week the Providence *Journal-Bulletin* told how ten Boston sportswriters got too close. In a Page One exclusive story, the *Journal-Bulletin* revealed that ten men on Boston sports staffs were also on the payroll of the Salem (N.H.) Rockingham Park race track.

The sportswriters, said the track's manager, were paid from \$100 to \$2,500 last year for services ranging from "not doing a damn thing" to helping out in the publicity department. The payroll was discovered by the *Journal-Bulletin* as a result of a state investigation on whether the track could afford to pay higher taxes. Organizer of the sportswriters working for the track: Hearst's Boston *Record* Columnist Dave Egan, who doubled as Rockingham's pressagent at more than \$5,000 a year. It was Egan who had arranged for the reporters, including six other staffers of the morning *Record* and its sister afternoon paper, the *American*, to be paid by the track.

Several days before the *Journal-Bulletin* story broke, the Associated Press fired its Boston bureau's veteran (29 years) sportswriter, William R. King, who was on the payroll for \$500. The United Press "accepted the resignation" of its Boston bureau manager, Gardner L. Frost, a U.P. employee for 17 years, who got \$500 last year from the track. The Boston *Post*, whose track reporter was on the list, said that he was not an employee of the paper but a "private contractor who sells a race-track service to the *Post*." Hearst's *American* and *Record* replied that they saw nothing wrong with their staffers earning extra money so long as "they do their own jobs." But A.P. General Manager Frank Starzel took a much stricter view. Said he: "We deem it wholly untenable for any staff member to receive anything of value from news sources . . . Each staff member must hold himself aloof from any [such] entanglement."

How to Keep a Secret

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Last week in a "not-for-attribution" speech before a Washington meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Vice President Richard M. Nixon fell afoul of these journalistic niceties. As soon as he finished his speech, reporters crowded around, asked Nixon if they could pin his words on a "high Government official." Nixon agreed, and newspapers all over the U.S. played up two Page One news stories, both from a "high Administration official." One story reported that he said the U.S. may throw troops into Indo-China if the French pull out, while the other quoted the anonymous official's opinion that Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer "is a loyal American" and should not be barred from Government work if he is not a security risk (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

So far as newspaper readers could tell, the stories came from two different sources. But even newspaper editors who were not at the lunch knew the truth. In a rare "Confidential note to editors—not for publication," the Associated Press teletyped its clients that the "high Administration official . . . is Vice President Nixon." The secret was not kept for long. The London *Times* Washington Correspondent John Miller saw the stories quoting a "high Administration official" and decided that Nixon was the only man in Washington who both fitted the description and had made a "not-for-attribution" speech that day. Since he was not at the lunch and thus did not feel bound to honor the rule under which Nixon spoke, Correspondent Miller cabled the London *Times* a story that virtually pinned down the source. Michigan's Republican Congressman Clare Hoffman also helped break the ban by telling the Niles (Mich.) *Daily Star* that Nixon was the source. After that every story mentioned Nixon by name.

Some newsmen viewed Nixon's statement on Indo-China as a "trial balloon," but others persuasively pointed out that he made the statements in reply to a question put to him by one of the editors, rather than in his prepared speech. They also argued that if it actually was a "trial balloon," it was floated in such a clumsy fashion that Nixon's cautious statement was confused in the uproar over who made it. Whatever Nixon's reasons, he successfully proved that it is impossible to speak before an audience of 600 and keep the speech either "not for attribution" or "off the record."

A Victory for Honor

In Britain, many newspapers are so intimidated by the tight libel laws that they hastily retract stories when threatened with a libel suit. Last week Fleet Streeters saluted one scrappy British newswoman who gave British newspapers a lesson in the importance of standing behind the stories they print. In court, Feature Writer Honor Tracy, 38, won a case



Brian Seed

WRITER TRACY
An apology made her mad.

against Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Times** (circ. 531,566) after the paper settled a libel suit before trial and printed an apology for an article she had written. The *Sunday Times* apology, she charged, sold her "down the river" by implying that she was an "irresponsible journalist prepared to write articles recklessly."

In court, Writer Tracy testified that, as a regular contributor to the *Sunday Times*, she had written about an 82-year-old parish priest in Doneraile, County Cork, Ireland. He had built a new house for himself, she said, by getting contributions from his 2,700 parishioners, who lived in tattered "cottages without water or light," earning an average of only \$8 to \$11 a week as farm laborers.

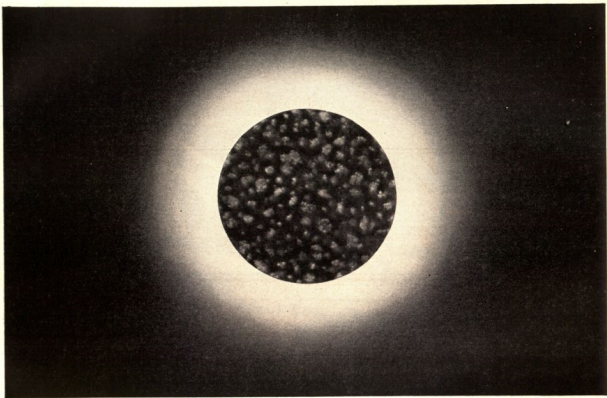
Honor Tracy was ready to stand behind her article, but the *Sunday Times* backed away from a showdown in court with the priest by writing a letter apologizing to him and paying \$2,100 to a charity he designated. Writer Tracy was also infuriated when the *Sunday Times* printed an abrupt retraction in which the paper "admitted" that her article was "an unjustifiable attack on the character and position" of Doneraile's Canon Maurice O'Connell. Indignant that the *Sunday Times* had disavowed her story without consulting her or trying to check the truth of the piece, Honor Tracy filed her own libel suit. Defendant: the *Sunday Times*. Charge: damage to the professional reputation of Writer Tracy.

Lawyers for the *Sunday Times* argued that there were inaccuracies in her story (e.g., the house cost about \$17,000, not \$25,000). But the jury decided this "woman of great resolution and determination" had been maligned by the *Sunday Times*'s settlement and apologies. Damages awarded Honor Tracy: \$8,400.

* Not to be confused with the daily *Times* of London (no kin).

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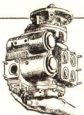
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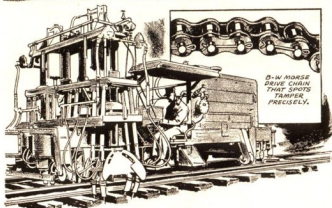
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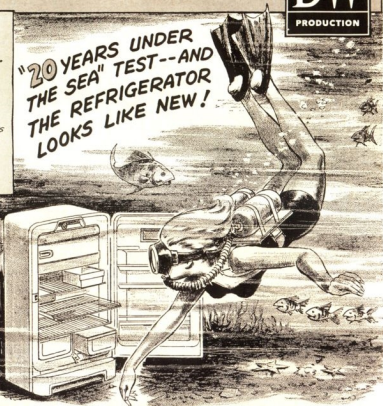
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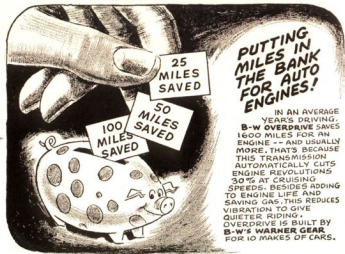
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EDUCATION

Literary Lawyers

Daniel Webster: *You seem to have an excellent acquaintance with the law, sir.*

The Devil: *Sir, that is no fault of mine. Where I come from, we have always gotten the pick of the Bar.*

At many law schools, that bit of dialogue might seem incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, but at the University of Southern California, it is a part of a regular law-school course, designed "to interest lawyers in literature by appealing to their professional interests."

Idea for the course came from the law school's Dean Orrin Evans, who has long felt that a lot of lawyers are not cultured enough—and that law students needed a breather from their case books. Ten months ago, Professor William Davenport of the university's English department started to compile a bibliography, by now has found more than 200 works by or about lawyers. Among the first items studied by his students: Stephen Vincent Benét's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, Willa Cather's *Paul's Case*. Davenport also gives students a taste of such lawyer-poets as Wallace Stevens and Edgar Lee Masters, exposes them to the theater with Galsworthy's *Justice*, Elmer Rice's *Counselor-at-Law*, and even Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* ("For today in this arena, Summoned by a stern subpoena, Edwin sued by Angelina, Shortly will appear").

For their term papers, students must write book reports, e.g., on *Yankee from Olympus* (the life of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes), but to improve their table conversation, Professor Davenport also makes them deliver oral reports. By the end of the year, says he, his class should have covered a lot of reading without a single *whereas*. Among the books on his list: Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* (murder), Melville's *Billy Budd* (admiralty law), Trollope's *Orley Farm* (perjury and forgery), and Dickens' *Bleak House*—"a wonderful example," says Davenport, "of the slow machinery of the law and how it bankrupts everybody before the trial is over."

R.O.T.C.: Brass in the Ivy

More than at any time in U.S. peacetime history, the armed forces depend for their career officers not primarily on West Point and Annapolis, but on 350 civilian colleges and universities. Big new source of supply: the Reserve Officers Training Corps, which now has some 285,000 members—about one-fifth of the nation's male college population. This June 30, 700 R.O.T.C. seniors will get commissions and fulfill their service obligations by going on active duty for at least two years.

This is in striking contrast to the pre-World War II R.O.T.C., which (as of 1939-40) had only 90,000 members. Although in the '20s and '30s it was a favorite target of left-wingers and pacifists,

R.O.T.C. did turn out a lot of highly useful officers (when World War II broke out, the Army was able quickly to call 58,000 R.O.T.C. graduates from civilian life). Today's peacetime R.O.T.C. is bigger and better than ever, but it also faces some serious problems.

The New Look. Since the start of the Korean war, the Pentagon has had no trouble signing up students for draft-exempt R.O.T.C. Seventy colleges have asked for and obtained units. Moreover, some 140 colleges and universities (e.g., Cornell, U.C.L.A., Louisiana State) now require two years of military training; R.O.T.C. courses neatly fill the bill. No longer permitted merely to train and then pool their

changes in curriculum. The Air Force gives no flight training to undergraduates, instead concentrates on classroom instruction (aerodynamics, weather, Air Force administration), devotes 90 hours to the role of air power and its history. Started in 1947 as a program for ground specialists, the A.F.R.O.T.C. was built up by 1951 to turn out 27,000 officers a year for a 143-wing Air Force. With authorized strength down to 120 wings by last summer, the Air Force had to slash its program, abruptly announced that commissions henceforth would go to 1) engineering students, 2) those cadets qualified and willing to undergo flight training and three years' active duty. (Many cadets were reluctant to fly.) Result: nearly 5,000 of this year's 13,000 graduates will get no commissions, instead have the op-



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Fox

R.O.T.C. INSTRUCTION AT CORNELL What does it take to fit a man for command?

R.O.T.C. graduates, the services now must assign newly commissioned officers to active duty. To attract career men and train reservists, each service has added considerable brass to the campus ivy:

THE ARMY runs a vast program (141,600 students in 250 colleges, 1,500 officer-instructors) at a cost of \$22 million a year. Required for a second lieutenant's commission: the full four-year course (480 hours) plus one summer training period. The course includes close-order drill and lectures (weapons familiarization, small-unit tactics, Army logistics and administration), gives 40 hours to military history and current U.S. military problems. Hard put to assimilate this year's crop of 15,200 R.O.T.C. graduates, the Army is asking Congress to approve a 8,700-man boost in officer strength, also plans to weed out some over-age officers.

THE AIR FORCE program is also big (125,000 students in 188 colleges, 1,400 officer-instructors), but operates on a relatively low budget (\$13 million). It has been harassed by cutbacks and constant

tion of enlisting in the Air Force for two years or waiting for the draft.

THE NAVY program, small (15,400 students in 52 colleges, 387 officer-instructors) but expensive (\$11.4 million), is the envy of sister services. The Navy annually gives some 2,000 hand-picked high-school seniors free college tuition plus \$50 a month for four years. Under the plan, students must take the four-year N.R.O.T.C. course as part of their academic work, spend three summers on training cruises, three post-college years on active duty as Navy officers. The 600-hour course is tightly organized, highly technical (navigation, gunnery, ship's machinery), and limits nonvocational training to 48 hours of naval history. By trimming other officer-training programs to fit the budget, the Navy has kept its R.O.T.C. on an even keel, gives commissions to all who qualify.

THE MARINE CORPS accepts some 300 Navy R.O.T.C. graduates each June, but trains most (1,100) of its college students in draft-exempt platoon-leader classes,

THE STORY OF BOSTON'S FAMED

Parker House

New Look . . .

On its opening day, October 8, 1856, the key to Boston's famed Parker House was thrown away. Since that date never for a minute — even during those periods when it was being rebuilt and modernized — have the doors of this New England hotel been shut to travelers. It is not surprising that in view of its 97-year service a first-time guest may observe to a staff member, "I thought that this was an old hotel — but I'm agreeably surprised to find that it's completely modern."



BOSTON'S FAMED PARKER HOUSE
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Parker House president Glenwood John Sherrard and his associates relish the opportunity to comment on such an observation. They readily agree that some things associated with the hotel are old, but that it is in them that the management and staff take greatest pride . . . for the old things are the intangibles of experience, standard of service and a tradition of courtesy. To them, in great measure, is attributed the world-wide fame which has accrued to the hotel.

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Parker House

BOSTON

A NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

commissions them on graduation after two six-week summer-training sessions.

The New Features. On the whole, college administrators welcome R.O.T.C., but many college teachers look down on its service-taught courses. The standardized curriculum makes big demands on memory, but does not encourage independent thought, is often hampered by inexperienced military teachers. Giving up at least one academic course a year for R.O.T.C., the student must listen to many dusty lectures on minor military subjects (e.g., field sanitation, personnel accounting) better suited to in-service training. Even the broader courses (the role of air power, political geography) arouse little enthusiasm; the men teaching them are assigned service personnel, not trained historians or geographers. "Many of us," said one University of Washington student, "would be a lot more interested if they modernized R.O.T.C. and took it out of the Eagle Scout class."

With more cadets than it can commission, the Pentagon often seems to shrug off campus criticism of R.O.T.C. But both the services and colleges have tried to brighten up the R.O.T.C. items:

¶ Yale University has taken over the teaching of military history and political geography from R.O.T.C., revised both courses and put its own faculty members in charge. Princeton, Ohio Wesleyan, and a handful of others have adopted similar schemes. Main stumbling blocks for most schools: lack of necessary funds and opposition from campus R.O.T.C. officers to any change wrought by civilians.

¶ The Army has put nearly half its R.O.T.C. units under a new curriculum to produce basically trained officers instead of specialists, giving cadets a chance to pick their specialties after graduation.

¶ The Air Force is asking Congress for an appropriation to finance primary flight training for A.F.R.O.T.C. seniors. If the plan is approved, each qualified R.O.T.C. student will get 35 flying hours, enough for a private pilot's license.

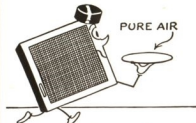
At present, the Navy considers four years of R.O.T.C. enough training to fit a man for duty. But the Army trains its R.O.T.C. second lieutenants in its own schools for at least three months after graduation; the Air Force must still send its R.O.T.C. graduates through long months of flight school before it can qualify them as military pilots. So far the program has failed to persuade as many college students as the armed forces had hoped for to make the service a lifetime occupation. But as a recruiting agency, R.O.T.C. has paid off. It is filling the armed services' need for reserve second lieutenants and ensigns; thousands of undergraduates have been exposed to at least a smattering of military training.

How to Beek in Glory

If the national craze for Scrabble has done nothing else, it has proved to many an American that he has a *wonky* (feeble) vocabulary. Confronted by too many x's or z's, he is apt to be a *coof* (blockhead), and left with an excess of vowels, he can

AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O. SOGLOW



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TIME, APRIL 26, 1954

"Does security make sense for the young man who wants success?"



A helpful appraisal

by **SHELDON COLEMAN**

*President, The Coleman Company, Inc.
Makers of Coleman Heating
& Air Conditioning Equipment
Wichita, Kansas—Toronto, Canada*

"**W**HAT are the driving forces behind the successful man? Certainly a natural eagerness to excel is one. The desires for recognition and material possessions are others.

"What about *security*? We think of the successful man as a kind of adventurer, rather than one who plays it safe. But I have observed that, from his earliest planning, he usually shows a proper respect for security. Adventurous as he may be in business, he is cautious where his family's welfare is concerned.

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appear downright *dowf* (stupid). Last week help came from the colleges, in the form of a special lexicon called *What's That Word?* (The Times Press, Wakefield, R.I.; 40¢). Compiled by two veteran theme correctors—Martha Wright of the University of Massachusetts and Tony Hofford of the University of Rhode Island—the lexicon is not only a handbook on how to *dow* (prosper) at Scrabble; it is also a treasury of oddments to be mastered in a *gliff* (instant).

To keep the lexicon manageable, Teachers Wright and Hofford have included only words with five letters or less, and though many are of foreign origin (e.g., *baht*, the monetary unit of Siam; *alif*, the first letter of the Arabian alphabet), most are eminently usable in the U.S. Botanists and biologists may already know about *corms* (short, bulblike stems) and *wekas* (flightless New Zealand wading birds).



Tommy Weber

SCRABBLER WRIGHT
Now coofs can dow in a gliff.

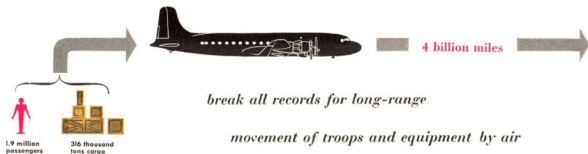
But the ordinary citizen will hardly be familiar with *zarfs* (cuplike stands for small coffee cups), *yards* (work horses) or *vugs* (small rock cavities), and he may also be surprised to learn that a *varus* man is bowlegged, that an *od* is a theological force, that a *peri* is a type of elf.

Lexicographers Hofford and Wright have also included a vocabulary in reverse: groups of words listed by their last letters. The *a's*, for instance, run from *ba* (the soul of man in ancient Egypt) to *zamia* (a cycadaceous plant). The *i's* have such useful quickies as *ai* (a three-toed sloth), *li* (Chinese unit of measure), *obi* (a Japanese sash worn with a kimono) and *tui* (a parson bird).

As teachers of English (and veteran scrabblers), Authors Wright and Hofford hope that their lexicon will do more than make their readers champions in the game. It should also be a boon to pavid people who carb about being mokes but would like to beek in glory.

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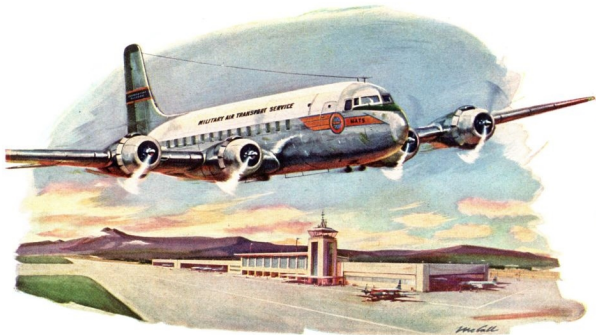
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RELIGION

"You Have No Place"

Christianity in India is almost as old as Christianity. At Mylapore, in Madras State, stands an ancient granite cross which marks the traditional spot where St. Thomas the Apostle—Doubting Thomas—met a martyr's death as India's first Christian missionary. As early as 325 A.D. the Gospel was well enough rooted there for a bishop at the Council of Nicaea to sign himself "John . . . of all Persia and Great India."

In modern times, Christian missions have brought India schools, hospitals and model farms as well as the Gospel. Today, nonetheless, the Christian cause in India knows a growing sense of insecurity.

Organized Hostility? For months, Protestant and Roman Catholic mission bodies have observed repeated evidences of the Indian government's hostility to Christian missions, some of it open, much of it half-concealed in bureaucratic pigeonholes. Says the Protestant National Christian Council of India: "The hostility being displayed these days cannot be spontaneous. There seems to be an organized attempt to disrupt the good relations which have existed so far between Christians and their [Hindu] countrymen." India's Committee of Catholic Bishops admits that the situation is causing "gravest anxiety," and the Apostolic Internuncio has taken up with the Indian government recent difficulties in obtaining visas for Catholic missionaries.

In India's House of the People (Lower House of Parliament), a bitter debate brought the issues into the open. Deputy Home Minister Balwant Nagesh Datar declared that the right to propagate religion, as well as other rights guaranteed by the Indian constitution, applies only to Indian nationals; foreigners are subject to any obligations the government might see fit to impose on them. This was strongly contested by the Christian members of the House, who maintained that constitutional rights apply equally to all, and that the right to propagate religion has no meaning without the right to convert. Maniben Patel, spinster daughter of the late Congress Party strongman, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, countered with a demand that the government investigate all Christian missionaries, accusing them of being responsible for damage to Hindu temples in Travancore-Cochin and of discriminating against Hindu nurses in Christian hospitals.

Question of Order? At this point, Home Minister Kailas Nath Katju rose with a blunt statement and an appeal to the holy spirit of Gandhi. The constitution, Katju claimed, was "made by the Indian people for themselves, and it would be the height of impertinence for Parliament to make a constitution for American citizens . . . They can walk out any time they like . . ."

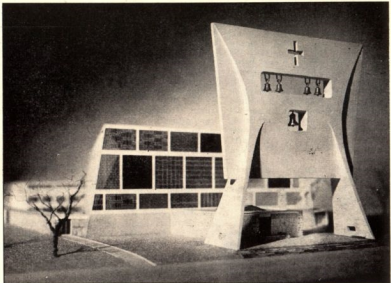
"I look at the problem more or less from the law and order point of view . . .

As Gandhi has said over and over again, in India we have been taught by our holy books that every religion is entitled to equal reverence, every religion contains the truth . . . If you come here into free India . . . saying, 'My faith is good, your faith is hopeless, your faith is utter idolatry' . . . then it will not be a question of religion; it will be a question of law and order. People will not tolerate this."

Once again Dr. Katju quoted Gandhi: "If you [Christian missionaries] feel . . . that India's religions too are true, though like all religions imperfect . . . and you come as fellow helpers and fellow seekers, there is a place for you here. But if you

pestilence and peace and rumor of the world's destruction, the Benedictines were busy building their hives of holy industry around the world. On Monte Cassino, St. Benedict's greatest monastery, laid waste in World War II for the fourth time in its history, was about rebuilt again. And on 2,500 rolling acres at Collegeville, Minn., about 80 miles northwest of Minneapolis, work was getting under way on a Benedictine abbey which the editor of *Liturgical Arts* magazine has called "truly a milestone in the evolution of the architecture of the Catholic Church."

Modest Man. For those who think of the cloistered life as a dark anachronism from the Middle Ages, the new St. John's Abbey and University will be a vivid testimony to the way the life of the spirit



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Ben Schmitt

come as preachers of the 'true Gospel' to a people who are wandering in darkness, so far as I am concerned, you can have no place."

Said the *Christian Century* this week: "This is not only a denial of the fundamental human right of freedom of speech and conscience, but it also wrongly imposes the Hindu conception of the nature of man on all . . . It is to be hoped that [India] will realize before it is too late that it is playing into the hands of a totalitarian theory."

New Look for St. John's

St. Benedict was the spiritual founder of all monasteries. On the summit of Italy's Monte Cassino, 14 centuries ago, where pagans had raised a shrine to Apollo, Benedict gathered around him a group of fellow Roman Catholics to withdraw from the world and yet be a part of it. He wrote them a rule of useful work and communal worship and solitary contemplation that has been a model of monastic discipline everywhere and ever since.

Last week, as they have for centuries of

leaps from century to century and is contemporary in each. It is being designed by one of the brightest-burning lights of modern architecture—Hungarian-born Marcel Breuer, 51, who learned his disciplined economy of line and plane at Walter Gropius' famed Bauhaus in the '20s, and developed it into one of the most flexible and creative styles on U.S. drawing boards.

Architect Breuer was chosen to design the new St. John's by a six-man committee of monks, appointed by Abbot Baldwin Dworschak, who went about their undertaking with Benedictine thoroughness. After 18 months of regular meetings, they invited a group of top architects to come to Collegeville and talk things over. Breuer's selection was based almost as much on human values as on technical ones. Said Abbot Baldwin: "He struck us as being not only an outstanding architect, but as a simple, straightforward, sincere and rather humble person."

No Rush. Breuer's plans for the 19 new buildings that will make up the new St. John's include a fresh conception of

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cloisters. Instead of running along the side of a building, as cloisters have done since St. Benedict, they will be independent covered walks, mostly of local fieldstone on the outer side, roofed with reinforced concrete and glass-walled or open on the inner side to provide views of the gardens and landscaping. Said one monk: "This is a great improvement over traditional Benedictine architecture, where buildings are always so planned that if a fire starts it can spread immediately in all directions."

The whole project may cost about \$8,000,000, and since the sum is far beyond St. John's likely early means, its completion may be far in the future. But Abbot Baldwin and his black-cowled brothers are in no mad rush. "After all," he said last week, "what are a few generations to the Benedictines?"

God's Groceryman

"I just bootleg the Gospel," a well-tailored young groceryman told an audience of 1,500 Baptist men in Fort Worth one night last week. Then Layman Howard Edward Butt Jr., 26, preached a sermon on one of his favorite themes: Christians must have the dedication to their cause that Communists have for theirs. His listeners liked it so well that they asked him to come back next August and preach an eight-day revival.

What Groceryman Butt means when he calls himself a Gospel-bootlegger is simply that he is not a minister and has no formal license to preach. Moreover, his regular job in the world is responsible and demanding; he is vice president of the HEB grocery chain, one of the most successful in Texas, with 60 stores and a gross of more than \$60 million a year. But he believes that laymen have a real preaching role: "Your listeners will figure 'He wouldn't be talking about religion if he hadn't experienced it,' and secondly the money stigma is removed. They realize it is costing you to devote time and energy to it, that you aren't trying to take anything from them."

The Double Life. At Baylor University in Waco, Texas, Baptist Butt specialized in the Bible and business administration, after graduation put in a year at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary studying New Testament, social ethics, preaching. Then, convinced that the ministry was not for him, he married and went to work in the family's business. But invitations to speak came to him more and more often. Billy Graham asked him to help out at several of his revivals, and before long, young Howard found himself living a kind of Christian double life.

As a preacher, Howard Butt spends from six to eight weeks a year conducting revivals, filling in for ministers and addressing church groups throughout the country. Riding the airlines from engagement to engagement with a bagful of books, he tries to find time to read. On such Christian junketings, "God's Groceryman," as some of his admirers call him, does not skimp his business duties; he keeps a sharp eye peeled for new merchandising ideas and wastes no time in putting



Willburn Davis

LAYMAN BUTT
After work, a bootlegger.

them into practice. "I have to go home and sell a bean once in a while," he says.

The Common Man. Last month, in a successful revival in Miami, he was assisted by a team consisting of Bill Mead of Lubbock, Texas, president of a group of bakeries, Fred Smith, vice president of the Gruen Watch Co., in Cincinnati, Fague Springmann, associate professor of music at the University of Maryland, and Karl Steele, head of the Wheaton (Ill.) College art department.

"Martin Luther's Reformation," says Layman Butt, "came through opening the Bible to the common man. Today's reformation must come in opening the ministry to the layman. New Testament Christianity was a lay movement . . . It is a concept that we have lost today."

Words & Works

¶ When a 67-year-old Manhattan social organization called the Church Club turned down the membership application of Negro Justice Hubert T. Delany, the Right Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, Episcopal Bishop of New York, chided its members, reminded them that there is no room for race prejudice in Christianity, and urged them to "reflect on the church's teaching that all men are equal before God."

¶ Southern Baptists will devote this week to their third annual Jewish Fellowship, during which church members will make a point of calling upon Jewish families in their communities and inviting them to special services in Baptist churches. "We feel as Christians that this is one of the best ways to express our love for others," said Frank Halbeck, superintendent of the Jewish Evangelism Department of the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board. "Jesus was a Jew, and we are interested as Christians to let the Jewish people know that we believe, without hesitation, in this Jewish Christ."

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ART

Olympus in the Lounge

The Hendon Hall Hotel, in the sedate North London suburb of Hendon, is the last place in the world anyone would expect to find an Old Master. Potted palms adorn the glassed-in veranda; the lounge where guests gather for after-dinner coffee is a gloomily cozy room paneled in dark veneer. Few of the guests had ever noticed the painting on the low ceiling of the room.

Last January, however, the Hendon's manager decided that the ceiling picture needed a cleaning. Scraping away the muck, an art restorer exposed a finely detailed 6-ft.-by-4-ft. painting that swirled with gods, cherubs and figures symbolizing the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. "Looks to me like a Tiepolo," said the expert. The manager was dubious, but many weeks later an architect lunching at Hendon Hall looked up at the ceiling. He recognized the picture as strikingly similar to Venetian Master Giovanni Battista Tiepolo's painting of *Olympus* and the *Four Continents* in the Bishop's Palace at Würzburg, Germany.

The architect called in another expert, Alan Clutton-Brock, trustee of the National Gallery and art critic of the *London Times*. Clutton-Brock took a long look at the delicate brushwork of the

creamy grey Olympian sky and warm browns, reds and blues of the four figure-filled landscapes, announced flatly that the work was by Tiepolo; the style was unmistakable, he said, and the picture was obviously a preliminary work for the painting in Würzburg.

How did a Tiepolo get to Hendon? After mulling it over, art historians gave an answer: the building, dating from 1652, was bought in 1756 as a residence by famed Actor-Manager David Garrick; Garrick traveled both to Würzburg, where he could have seen the bishop's painting, and to Venice, where he could have bought the painting from Tiepolo. Last week the Tiepolo changed hands again. Workmen delicately pried the gilt-framed canvas from the ceiling of the lounge. The purchaser: a London art dealer. Probable price: £10,000 (\$38,000).

Different Accents

Art is an international language, but it is often spoken with strong national accents. In Manhattan last week, three artists from abroad were proving the point with one-man shows. All three speak impressively, but in strikingly different ways:

Prince Henry of Hesse, 26, grandson of the late King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, speaks with the elegant inflection of European royalty in 31 nostalgically surrealist

paintings on exhibit in the Carstairs Gallery. His theme: memories of his own fairy-tale childhood spent among crowned and sceptered relatives in castles, palaces and splendid water places (he is also a great-grandnephew of the late Kaiser Wilhelm, a cousin of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II).

Prince Henry started painting shortly after World War II in a run-down family castle in Germany. When his royal Italian grandparents went into Egyptian exile in 1946, he followed them, had his first show in Alexandria. Now he lives on the Italian island of Ischia, painting dreamlike scenes from "a world that is forever gone and finished." His pictures are filled with sculptured formal gardens, marble statuary, gay toy balloons—and a fine, whimsical sense of humor. In *Reverie*, a classic marble statue, all played out from sailing a paper boat, lies sleeping near a river, still clutching in one hand a red string attached to the boat. In *Tinned*, Prince Henry packs delicate, dew-fresh red roses in a sardine can. Says he: "Today everything gets put in cans; why not something romantic, like roses?"

Sabro Hasegawa, 47, a Japanese exhibiting at The Contemporaries, expresses himself with a somewhat less intelligible accent that mixes abstractionism and Eastern inscrutability. But even when the words are not understandable, Hasegawa's intent is clear: to convey peace, order and dignity through form and design. His fa-

TWO CURRENTS



KOERNER

THE traditions in American art derive almost entirely from Europe. Yet, over the years, painting in America has compiled its own distinguished history; today its course rivals that of any European country except France. There, four old men—Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Rouault—uphold standards they set early in the century. In the U.S., a handful of comparatively young men are setting new standards very different from those of Paris. With a look at two such contemporaries, representing two of the strongest currents in U.S. painting today, TIME this week begins a three-part retrospective of American painting, as

seen in collections now on exhibition in the U.S.

Henry Koerner came to the U.S. 16 years ago, a refugee from the Nazi pogroms in his native Vienna. He designed propaganda posters for the OWI and OSS during World War II, soon afterwards earned his present reputation as one of the nation's most thoughtful and skillful painters. His first fame rested on pictures just this side of surrealism: a barber treating a bearded customer to a violin concert, children sledding on tailors' dummies, a pregnant girl trapped in a jungle gym. What gave weight to their gloomy wit was the exactitude of Koerner's observation and the sharpness of his execution.

Today, at 38, Koerner has abandoned symbolism for a fanatically objective approach to everyday subjects. His new paintings, on view at Manhattan's Midtown Galleries this week, struck at least one critic as coming "perilously close to academism." But Paul Cézanne, who was no academical, would have approved Koerner's *Mother and Child* (opposite) for its delicate interplay of geometric planes. The master might even

have envied its draftsmanship. The plain young mother and her beefy, carrot-topped boy are treated as coolly as a still life, yet his energy and her weariness are perfectly conveyed.

Hyman Bloom is as poetic as Koerner is deliberately prosaic; he seems to echo the horror-logged, death-haunted work of Edgar Allan Poe. Bloom's *Slaughtered Animal (overleaf)*, part of a retrospective exhibition at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art, led one dowager to complain that "When I want raw meat, I'll send my chauffeur to the butcher."

Like Koerner, Bloom is Jewish and European-born. Brought to the U.S. from Lithuania by his shoemaker father, he was raised humbly in Boston. Bloom was introduced to painting in a settlement house, continued it on the WPA and gained fame in the early '40s. His first important canvases showed the influence of the European expressionists Chaim Soutine and Oskar Kokoschka. He applied their color-by-the-gob technique to molten-seeming canvases of rabbis, chandeliers, brides, Christmas trees, buried treasure and, finally, corpses. At 40, Bloom exercises a control of his medium as elaborate, and theatrical, as Caravaggio's. His steady gain in dexterity is offset by a restriction of range: for a full decade now, Bloom has concentrated on dead flesh, often disemboweled and usually human.

The fact that his corpses are not always well received bewilders Bloom. "I really thought people would be delighted," he says with an air of complete surprise. "It seems to me that if you have any conviction of immortality you can look at such a subject as objectively as at anything else. The body is very beautiful, and its insides are just as beautiful as the outside."



BLOOM

JAMES F. COVATTA

AMERICAN PAINTING (I)



HENRY KOERNER turns from gloomy symbolism to cheerful realism with new *Mother and Child*.



HYMAN BLOOM brings bravura brushwork of a society portrait to his gory *Slaughtered Animal*.

vorite method: wood-block printing. He dips pieces of wood into Chinese ink, prints directly onto rice paper. The result, as in a four-paneled screen called *The Harmonious*, is a pleasing arrangement of black and grey rectangles. He uses color sparingly, feels that his black ink "is very colorful." Sometimes he brushes his prints with ink, as in *Man and Celestial*, a simple arrangement of printed forms and two painted crescents that seems to radiate reverence. He also works with wax, sometimes draws in ink with a chopstick, even uses a dish mop of cellulose sponge.

Hasegawa has at times been as withdrawn from reality in life as in the strange shapes and forms of his art. He studied at Tokyo University, got interested in Sesshu, the great 15th century Japanese Buddhist painter, and this led him to Zen Buddhist monasteries, where he used to sit for hours under the supervision of monks.



Gene Pyle

PRINCE HENRY & PAINTINGS

From a world that is gone and finished.

trying to learn to exclude all thought from his mind, submerge himself in peaceful oblivion. In the early '30s he went to Europe, where he came under the influence of Le Corbusier, Mondrian, Arp and Alexander Calder. Says he: "I'm a fellow who has been suffering between the East and West for 30 years."

Per Krohg, one of the grand old (65) men of modern Norwegian painting, speaks his artistic mind with the clear and refreshing eloquence of a song by Grieg. The 42 Krohg oils on view at the Galerie St. Etienne are bright with sweeping colors and full of robust naturalism and the hardness of his homeland; fishermen beside their boats, woodmen among hoarfrosted trees, farmers watching a dogfight. A gaily tinted landscape, *Frogner*, is as clean and invigorating as a drink of chilled aquavit on a summer's day; in *The Dinner*, Krohg fills a formal dining room with stuffed and complacent characters right out of an Ibsen play. Krohg's artistic voice is clear, healthy and unmistakably Norwegian.

TIME, APRIL 26, 1954



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Prediction Confirmed

Everyone knew that first-quarter sales would be off, compared with 1953. But what about earnings? For weeks, investors have been bidding stock prices up to new highs, staunchly believing that profits would hold up largely because of the death of the excess profits tax. Last week the news in the first batch of quarterly earnings and estimates was good (and the Dow-Jones industrials rose another four points, to 313.7). Items:

¶ E. I. du Pont de Nemours, a consistent stock-market leader, reported that its first-quarter sales of \$403 million were down 8% from last year. Nevertheless, said President Crawford Greenwalt, profits were expected to be "well above net earnings realized in the first and last quarter of 1953."

¶ R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. said its unit sales were off, but because of a price increase and the death of E.P.T., "net earnings will be larger" than the \$7,685,000 a year ago.

¶ Republic Steel, which like others in the industry has been hard-hit by a drop in orders (first-quarter operating rate: 69.4%), was nevertheless able to keep per-share earnings up to \$1.79 v. \$2.24 last year. Said President Charles White: orders have picked up in every month since October. Armco Steel was actually able to show a rise over last year's \$7.7 million.

¶ American Telephone & Telegraph, which installed 400,000 phones in the first quarter (140,000 less than a year ago), reported earnings of \$110 million, up 8% from 1953. Furthermore, recent cuts in excise taxes, said President Cleo F. Craig, "will stimulate increased telephone usage and particularly more long distance calling."

¶ St. Regis Paper's sales were up slightly (to \$50 million), and earnings rose from \$3,760,587 to \$3,949,456.

¶ National Lead, helped by a new die-casting division, said that a slight gain in sales had brought approximately a 30% rise in earnings over the \$6,202,049 reported for 1953's first quarter.

For all the good news, many a company was still having trouble. United Air Lines, for example, told stockholders that because of higher costs they could look forward to a loss for the quarter, despite an 11% gain in revenues over 1953's \$37 million. A 14% drop in revenues caused the Erie Railroad's net to fall more than 50%, to 54¢ a share.

In the auto industry, such independents as Studebaker, Nash, Packard and Kaiser (see below) were badly pinched, and Chrysler's share of the market dropped in its struggle to keep up with General Motors and Ford. To the victors went the spoils: G.M.'s first quarter net was expected to top last year's \$151 million by at least 15%.

RAILROADS

The New Haven Decides

In a gloomy New Haven office last week, Boston's Frederic C. Dumaine Jr. and Wall Streeter Patrick B. McGinnis met for the decision in their fight for control of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. They were there, along with 200 New Haven stockholders, for the railroad's annual meeting which would decide who would walk out as boss of the \$500 million line.

23,200 & Out. While tellers counted proxies representing 96% of the New Haven's stock, President Dumaine and Challenger McGinnis waited nervously, trying to go through the motions of hold-



WALL STREETER MCGINNIS

No private car for him.

ing a normal stockholders' meeting. At one point, a woman stockholder asked what McGinnis could do for the New Haven that Dumaine had not done. "Pat," said "Buck" Dumaine, "she wants to know what you can do better than I." Snapped McGinnis: "How long do we intend to stay here? I've written 43½ pages of literature on that subject."

After 4½ hours and eight recesses, Pat McGinnis could finally relax; he had won. The final vote: McGinnis, 488,939 proxies and eleven directors; Dumaine, 481,302 proxies and only ten directors, including himself. Without a word, Buck Dumaine turned and left the room. Said McGinnis with a happy sigh: "I'm weary."

What swung the balance to McGinnis? Some thought it was the 23,200 shares owned by Stockbroker John A. Munro of Morristown, N.J., who had criticized Dumaine's interest in outside businesses such as American Woolen. Munro would not say. But there was no doubt that

McGinnis had voted his proxies more shrewdly than Dumaine. Under the New Haven's cumulative voting procedure, one share of stock counts for 21 votes. They can be spread out across the railroad's entire slate of 21 directors, or lumped on one director. Knowing it would be close, McGinnis concentrated his strength on eleven directors, winning them all for a bare majority, while Dumaine split his among 15, won only ten. As it turned out, McGinnis might have walked off with even more directors had he risked spreading his votes a bit thinner.

Eyebrows & Aluminum. Though McGinnis does not have much elbow room on the board of directors, he does not need much. Smooth, sharp-witted and a proven good railroader, he knows the business from roundhouse to board room. The son of a New York Central foreman, he learned to specialize in railroad securities, now bosses his own Wall Street firm, commuting by ferry from a sprawling, century-old mansion on Staten Island, overlooking New York Harbor. Railroaders rate him as a top authority on financing, call his book (*Guide to Railroad Reorganization*) the best in the field. Sometimes he operates with eyebrow-raising methods. The ICC recently criticized his whopping expense accounts while he was boss of the Norfolk Southern (*TIME*, Feb. 22). He also had so many troubles with stockholders of the Central of Georgia after he won control of the road that he withdrew. But McGinnis argues that his heavy expenses paid heavy dividends in new business for the Norfolk Southern. As for the New Haven, McGinnis knows it like his own backyard. He helped Buck Dumaine's father grab control in 1948. Before that, he was a consultant when the New Haven was reorganized after going into bankruptcy in 1935.

Now that he controls the New Haven, McGinnis plans to install himself as president and John E. Slater, president of American Export Lines, as board chairman. He has big ideas for the 1,800-mile line. He wants to pay off the remaining \$4 a share of back dividends on preferred stock, then start paying dividends on the New Haven's 525,789 shares of common stock. He hopes to boost long-haul passenger traffic by faster trains, is toying with the idea of a low-slung aluminum train something like Spain's 120-m.p.h. Talgo express that could zip from New York to Boston in fewer than three hours. He plans faster, better service for commuters, thinks he can do it without boosting fares. But he is not going to take over Dumaine's private car. He quipped: "I'd be afraid to after what happened on the Norfolk."

Wall Streeter McGinnis knows that he will have to have help from Buck Dumaine, if he hopes to push his ideas through. Said he: "I don't think Buck's going to oppose my ideas just because they're mine. After all, he's got a tremendous investment [more than \$18 million]

TIME CLOCK

in the New Haven." Buck Dumaine would only say: "Mr. McGinnis will have to do more for the railroad than I have done if he is to succeed. Let's take a look at the situation a year from now."

INDUSTRY

More Proxy Fights

While the New Haven fight (see above) carried off most of the headlines, other spring proxy wars were bubbling.

¶ In the fight for control of the New York Central, Robert R. Young got some unexpected help from I.C.C. Chairman J. Monroe ("Steamboat") Johnson. Though the Central management still refuses to let Texas Millionaire Sid Richardson and Clint Murchison vote the 800,000 shares of Central stock they had bought from the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, Johnson told a congressional committee that there was nothing wrong with the deal. Said he: "Young could have bought [the stock] himself" and voted it.

¶ Decca Records, which has been fighting a group of rebel stockholders who say that management salaries are too high and hit records too few, finally won its proxy war by a 6-to-1 margin. Decca's President Milton Rackmil said that the man behind all the trouble was Draft Dodger Serge Rubinstein (TIME, Mar. 5, 1947), who had paid for the opposition's proxy solicitors and twice visited Decca trying to make a deal that would give him a voice in company policy.

¶ Printing-Press Builders R. Hoe & Co., whose President Joseph L. Auer lost control to a rival group last July, did an about-face, put Auer back in control. Auer's biggest talking point: after 15 years without labor trouble, the new management had tumbled the \$14 million company into a \$1,400,000 strike.

¶ The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, which suffered through 20 years of bankruptcy before the war and earned the nickname "Maimed & Still Limping," found itself in another painful spot. A group of stockholders headed by Chicago Lawyer Ben W. Heineman charged that President Lucian C. Sprague had mismanaged the company, claimed that they had 201,628 proxies (about half) lined up to put him and his directors out of office at the May 11th annual meeting. Among the accusations: Sprague spent up to \$100,000 a year of company funds on such luxuries as two Cadillacs, boxes at race tracks, trips to Florida and Europe and jewels for his wife, while drawing down \$61,000 in salary and pension.

AUTOS

Pay Cut for Willys

When Adman Ward Canaday bought control of Willys auto company in 1936, he resolved never again to have a strike such as the one that cost Willys \$25 million and all but wrecked the company 20

STEEL BUYING is picking up on the off-chance of a strike by the C.I.O. Steelworkers, who will soon present new wage demands. Actually, neither industry nor labor feels that it would be much hurt by a short strike. High steel inventories would drop and steelworkers, now working only part time, would not lose too much in wages. Final settlement will probably be around a 5¢-an-hour increase in pay, including fringe benefits.

GENERAL MOTORS paid its President Harlow H. Curtice a grand total of \$637,233 in salary, stock and cash bonus in 1953, the biggest money ever given a G.M. executive, surpassing Charles E. Wilson's record \$626,300 in 1950. Eleven other executives got more than \$300,000 apiece; G.M.'s top 62 officers and directors collected almost \$12 million.

ALCOA, which sponsors Edward R. Murrow's *See It Now* (CBS-TV), is happy over the benefits of Murrow's battle with Senator Joe McCarthy. The show's audience has jumped from 9,000,000 to 30 million, and Alcoa and CBS have received 47,000 letters. Box score: more than four to one in favor of Murrow.

TEXTILE SLUMP is getting more serious. Following slowdown announcements by Textron and J. P. Stevens & Co., six more big companies (among them: No. 1 synthetic producer Burlington Mills) are planning to shut down for one to two weeks, lay off 30,000 workers.

TRANS WORLD Airlines, biggest civilian customer of Lockheed aircraft (81 Constellations in service, 20 on order), has reminded Lockheed that Douglas DC-7s (TIME, Jan. 21, 1952) are "appreciably faster" than Super Constellations. T.W.A. President Ralph Damon told Lockheed brass: "Lockheed should find a way to do something about this problem."

DIAMOND SALES have skyrocketed because of the cut in federal excise taxes from 70% to 10%. Retailers around the U.S. report total

years before. Canaday's method was simple. He promised to pay better wages than anyone else in the auto industry, in exchange for a no-strike pledge from the United Auto Workers. Willys has not had a strike since. But when Henry Kaiser bought the company last year (TIME, April 6, 1953), he found that Willys, in addition to the usual cost handicaps of an independent, had an extra one. It paid workers \$2.31 an hour vs. the \$2.04 paid by the Big Three, which made it virtually impossible to compete or make money without the fat jeep contracts that kept it profitable during the war.

In Toledo last week, at the urging of U.A.W. Local 12 leaders, union members voted a 5% pay cut for Willys' 3,500 production workers. In the first such vote

1954 increases of up to 500% over 1953 figures, current sales up to 3,200% better than the last week the old tax was still in effect.

MILLIONAIRE Charles Steen, whose Mi Vida mine was southeast Utah's first big uranium strike, is joining with Salt Lake City's Combined Metals Reduction Co. to build what is called the world's biggest uranium processing mill at Moab, Utah. Uranium Reduction Co., the new company, will start work on a \$4,000,000 plant within the next four months, hopes to start processing ore from Steen's mines by early 1956.

SCHWEPPEs, which about tripled its tonic sales in the U.S. last year through a bottling arrangement with Pepsi-Cola (TIME, Feb. 16, 1953), will put its ginger ale on the market next month. Schweppes is already test-marketing its sparkling water, may bring out a lemon soda next.

TRUCKERS have presented the Post Office with a plan they say will save \$85 million a year by shifting all mail from railroads to trucks for distances up to 300 miles. They argue that trucks are faster, cheaper and more flexible. Postal authorities seemed unimpressed by the plan since most big post offices are geared to rail service, are not set up to handle heavy truck traffic.

THE FORD v. G.M. production race, which squeezed other automakers down to 18% of the market in the first quarter, has touched off four "preliminary investigations" of the auto industry by the Justice Department's anti-trust division.

DALLAS businessmen are going to put up their own \$35 to \$40 million "Rockefeller Center." The Southland Life Insurance Co. has bought a 400-by-287-ft. plot in the city's heart, has signed contracts with California Architect Welton Becket for a 40-story skyscraper, 300,000-sq.-ft. department store and two 20-story office buildings. Completion date: 1957.

in auto history, the unionists agreed to give up incentive payments for work produced over a set quota. By increasing efficiency and shaving employment 5%, President Edgar Kaiser hopes to cut labor costs a total of 20% in the next six months. In return for the pay cut, he agreed to set up a fund into which Willys will contribute all savings from increased efficiency. One-third of the fund will be paid periodically as bonuses to Willys workers.

Though the union tried to represent this as paving the way to a later pay rise, the industry recognized the new pay plan for what it was: a desperate effort by Kaiser and U.A.W. to get the company, which is barely breaking even on every car it makes, into the black.

GOVERNMENT & RECESSION

Should "Something" More Be Done?

ORGANIZED labor, most Democrats and some Republicans are demanding that the Administration "do something" about the business decline. The "something" usually includes a boost in individual income-tax exemptions, easier credit, and a massive program of public works. But most of these worriers overlook what the Administration has already done to combat a recession, notably in the fields of taxes and credit. Among the steps taken in the past year:

¶ The Federal Reserve Board has cut bank reserve requirements, thus expanded bank lending power by \$6 billion.

¶ FRB has purchased short-term Government securities from the banks in the open market, thereby increasing the banks' lending reserves still more.

¶ The rediscount rate, i.e., the rate at which banks may borrow from FRB, was cut last February; last week another cut (from 1½% to 1¼%) was initiated in Chicago and okayed in Washington.

¶ The Treasury has done its financing, not with the long-term issues the Republicans had hoped to use, but with short-term securities, to avoid siphoning off long-term investment funds for housing and other construction.

As a result of all these measures, the interest rate on prime commercial loans has dropped from 2½% to 2%. If needed, there is still more credit medicine in the bottle. The Federal Reserve, for example, could increase bank lending power by another \$4 billion simply by cutting reserve requirements in New York and Chicago from 22% to 19%, to bring them in line with the lower requirements in other cities.

To nip inflation last year, the Administration cut spending sharply. The reverse of that coin has been an equally sharp cut this year in taxes. This has already put \$6 billion a year into the hands of industry and consumers, including the cut in excise taxes, which was first opposed by the President, but finally approved "wholeheartedly." The Administration's tax reform bill now before Congress calls for another cut totaling \$1.4 billion a year. Thus the total saving to taxpayers of \$7.4 billion annually (less higher social security payments) would be the biggest one-year tax cut in U.S. history.

On top of deliberate anti-recession measures, the Administration has been forced to take an inflationary step that had no part in its original plans. It has shelved plans for a balanced budget and resorted to deficit financing. Thus \$3.3 billion in new money will be

pumped into the economy because of the deficit this year. A deficit of another \$3 billion is expected for the next fiscal year.

This kind of recession-fighting is not nearly so dramatic—or so easily understood—as a big public-works program. It also needs time to become effective. In 1949, for example, when industrial production dropped 18% and unemployment rose to 4,700,000, or more than 7% of the labor force (v. 5.8% today), the Truman Administration did nothing about public works. Instead, it took anti-recession steps similar to those now taken by the Republicans. It cut bank reserve requirements, pegged U.S. bond prices to keep interest rates low, removed consumer credit controls. The budget, which had been running a surplus, began to run a deficit as tax receipts fell off. But industrial production did not start rising until a few months later.

Even if the current upturn in auto output, housing, retail sales and other fields should prove to be no more than a seasonal spurt, the Administration would find public works no fast-working wonder drug. In the Big Depression, it took 18 months after the start of the Government's public-works program to get the first 100,000 men on the payroll. Even by 1939, when public-works outlays of \$3 billion equaled about 3% of the gross national product, there were still 9,500,000 unemployed. Public works equaling 3% of today's national product would total more than \$10 billion a year, far more spending than now planned. Actually, the \$40 billion a year being spent on defense production is, in effect, a gigantic pump-priming program. Another big trouble with an emergency public-works program now would be that it would stimulate the very industry that needs stimulation least, i.e., construction.

Despite the overall decline, there are many businessmen and economists who are against any emergency measures, such as public works, as long as construction is at record levels, individual liquid assets are at a peak of \$300 billion (\$6,500 for every family in the U.S.), and industry is expanding as fast as ever. They agree with Prudential Insurance Co.'s President Carroll M. Shanks, who thinks that the greatest danger to the economy "by all odds" is still inflation. The anti-recession moves of 1949 needed time to stimulate the economy. In 1954, the anti-recession medicines already given have not yet had a chance to take effect.

MANAGEMENT

Help for Negroes

Faced with a dwindling supply of skilled garment workers in the South, Wentworth Manufacturing Co. last week opened a new factory in Florence, S.C. with an all-Negro labor force. Wentworth started 35 Negro cutters and seamstresses at the same wages paid white garment workers in the area, expects to expand the Florence plant to 300 workers and an annual payroll of \$500,000. Only a handful of chief supervisors will be white. Since South Carolina law prohibits mixing races in a factory, Negroes (35% of the state's population) are usually excluded except as janitors or maids. If the Wentworth experiment works, the gates may open for Negroes in many another factory.

UTILITIES

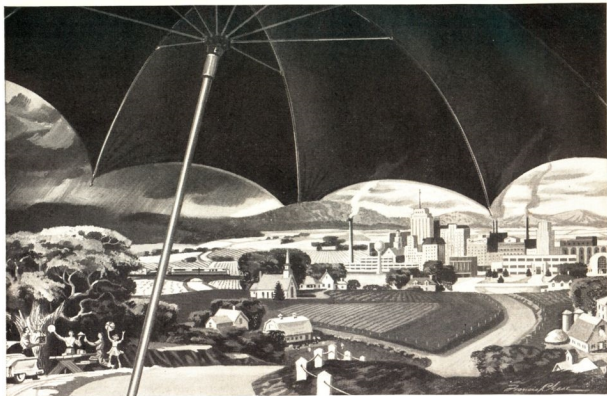
Northwest Partnership

No area in the U.S. has a greater potential power shortage than the Pacific Northwest. By 1960, even with the dams now abuilding, the area will be short some 2,000,000 kw., or 25% of estimated needs. President Eisenhower thinks that the gap should be filled largely by local power groups, in partnership with the Federal Government when necessary. Last week virtually all the major power companies in the Northwest, both public and private, lined up in two separate groups to fulfill their side of the partnership.

Group No. 1, incorporated last week as Pacific Northwest Power Co., is led by Washington Water Power's President Kinsey Robinson, longtime foe of public power (TIME, March 30, 1953). Its five private-company members* propose to spend \$500 million on two big dams and power plants with a capacity of 533,000 kw. on the Clearwater River in northwestern Idaho. In line with the Administration's proposal that such big projects should get the help of the Federal Government when needed, the companies will ask the U.S. to pay such costs as highway construction and flood control.

Group No. 2, consisting of two local public-utility districts, two municipal outfits (Seattle and Tacoma) and the privately owned Puget Sound Power & Light Co., was formed by Seattle City Light's Superintendent Paul Raver. As longtime head of the giant Bonneville Power Administration, Raver was for years the top federal power exponent in the Northwest. During the war, however, Raver saw the value of coordinating public and private projects into an integrated network, and created the Northwest Power Pool. The public-private combination of plants and dams produces 600,000 more kilowatts than the facilities would produce if operated separately. Raver's group, like Robinson's, will ask the Federal Government to pay some of its costs. It plans facilities for 1,600,000 kw. in the next ten years, is

* Idaho Power Co., Pacific Power & Light, Washington Water Power, Mountain States Power and Portland General Electric.



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Roy F. Bergengren, a credit union pioneer in this country, describes it this way: "A credit union is a simple, very human device designed to serve people by helping them manage their own money. Briefly defined, a credit union is a group of people organized for mutual protection and financial help. Self-managed under State or Federal supervision, it provides members with an easy and convenient way to accumulate new savings and the means to solve their own credit problems without becoming victims of usury."

"But that is only a partial definition, for credit unions operate on the principle of the brotherhood of man—with the conviction that it is a practical, workable theory. The credit union reaches out, lifts up and protects the individual with the security which comes from his identity within the group."

How Credit Unions Benefit Business

By helping people free themselves from financial anxiety, making them happier and more secure in their daily lives, credit unions also do a great service for the places where these people work. This fact is well known to American business leaders who have encouraged the organization of credit unions among their employees. Evidence clearly shows that where employees have a credit union, such management "headaches" as wage garnishments and pay advances practically disappear, and absenteeism and accidents on the job are greatly decreased.

How to start a credit union

A credit union can be easily organized and operated among any group of 50 or more employees. Credit union national headquarters provides a complete plan and a man to set it in operation. You will be doing yourself and your company a great service by helping establish a credit union. For complete information write to: Dept. T-2, Credit Union National Association, Madison 1, Wis.



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starting field studies for possible dams in such areas as the Columbia River Basin.

The success of both groups, however, depends on how well the Eisenhower Administration executes its side of the deal. To many in the Northwest, it has seemed that in Washington "partnership" means "do it yourself." In the 15 months since the Republicans took office, no new starts have been scheduled for federal power projects, and federal power funds have been cut. On top of that, legislation that would enable the U.S. to enter such partnership agreements with local interests still has to get through Congress.

LABOR

Cadillacs for Two

In Minneapolis, Sylvester H. Cargill had a labor problem in his mail-promotion company. The A.F.L. Teamsters' catch-all local for "miscellaneous drivers, helpers and inside workers" told Cargill that his plant, employing some 100 women, would be struck unless he came to terms with the union. What happened then, said Congressman George Bender last week, after his subcommittee investigated the Teamsters' activities in Minneapolis, was "shocking."

Businessman Cargill went to Tony J. Schullo, secretary-treasurer of the local, for advice on how to avert the strike. Schullo suggested that Cargill could have all his employees join the union simply by handing over \$500 in initiation fees. Cargill did, but soon ran into more trouble. Almost all his employees, mainly housewives, refused to pay dues or have anything to do with the union. Schullo had a solution for that, too. Dues-paying by members would be held "in abeyance" if Cargill would pay Schullo \$150 a month instead. Cargill testified that he did not "volunteer to pay the \$150." He was "ordered to pay it."

Cargill told of an unusual method of

paying Schullo. They would meet in an auto, said Cargill, and "I would lay \$150 or \$300, depending on whether I owed him one month or two, in the seat and say, 'Nice to have seen you,' and go away." Cargill paid out \$2,100 in this way. Called before the committee for questioning about this, Schullo ducked behind the Fifth Amendment; he refused to testify because he might incriminate himself.

Schullo also had dealings with Donald Gabbert, owner of three appliance stores. During the 1950 Christmas rush, Gabbert was surprised to find pickets in front of his stores. Gabbert saw Schullo and paid \$306 as initiation fees for his 18 employees. In an hour or two, the pickets were gone. But the employees were never told that they were in a union.

Congressman Clare Hoffman asked Schullo what he had said when Gabbert talked to him. Replied Schullo: "There was an unfair banner up there. The employees were unfair to our organization."

Asked Hoffman: "What employees were unfair to your organization?" Replied Schullo: "Anyone that doesn't belong to our organization."

Old Cadillacs for New. The subcommittee also heard how Teamster officials financed the Cadillacs they bought. Jack Sabes, a produce-company official, testified that in 1949 he lent \$3,000 to Gene Williams, a local Teamster officer, and \$3,000 to Sidney Brennan, an international vice president, to buy new Cadillacs while waiting for buyers for their old Cadillacs. Sabes could not remember whether the loan was made while the Teamsters were striking against his company or whether they had just ended a strike. The unsecured loans carried no interest. But Sabes said he got his money back when the two union leaders sold their old (less than a year) Cadillacs. The following year, he said, he lent Williams \$2,500 more to buy another Cadillac. Williams took refuge behind the Fifth



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Shear and forming room in one of Sequoia Company's original Butler buildings. Note how translucent Lite-Panels overhead flood interior with natural light.



Final assembly and warehouse in latest Butler addition to the plant. Clear-span interiors provide unobstructed space to arrange assembly lines, move and stock goods.

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says Mr. H. R. Kramer, President
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"Butler steel buildings proved to be valuable assets in our expansion program," says Mr. H. R. Kramer. "We started manufacturing gas-fired, forced-air furnaces in 1947, in two Butler steel buildings. By 1950 we badly needed elbow room. We moved one sidewall out 40 feet, and bought only Butler roof and end walls to increase floor space 4,000 square feet. We have since moved that same sidewall twice—with 100% salvage of materials—adding two more Butler buildings on a minimum budget."

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Amendment when questioned about these deals and about \$119,620 in loans he had received, some from the union pension fund, to open a bar.

Teamster Boss Dave Beck, who thinks the committee "is trying to make headlines for political purposes," sent two of his top lieutenants to Minneapolis to investigate. Said he: "No one is going to stampede me . . . I can only move so fast . . . [But] if I find out they've been grafting, I'll crucify them."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Harold W. Scott, 49, a Wall Streeter since he graduated from Princeton University in 1925, was nominated (equals election) as the non-paid chairman of the New York Stock Exchange, succeeding Richard M. Crooks, who declined renomination. A partner of the investment firm of Dean Witter & Co., and a governor of the Exchange since 1949, Scott has been a leader in the Exchange campaign to sell the public on the advantages of stock ownership. George Keith Funston continues as the \$100,000-a-year president and chief executive officer of the Exchange.

¶ Stephen Power Farish, 62, moved up from president of Reed Roller Bit Co. to board chairman. A onetime roughneck in the Texas oilfields and a brother of William S. Farish, president of Standard Oil (N.J.) from 1937-42, Steve Farish took over Reed in 1925 when it had some 80 workers and \$1,000,000 in assets. He built the company into the world's second largest oil-tool concern (first: Hughes Tool Co.), with assets of \$24 million and worldwide markets for its rock bits, rotary joints, drill collars and coring equipment. R. G. Hamaker, formerly vice president for sales, took over as new president.

¶ Irving T. Bennett, 53, was named board chairman of General Cable Corp., makers of wire, cable and conductors. A former vice president and general manufacturing manager of Revere Copper & Brass, Bennett went to General Cable a year ago as a director and chairman of the executive committee. He succeeds Dwight R. G. Palmer, who retired after 35 years with General Cable and its predecessors.

MODERN LIVING

Cans v. Pop Bottles

In a big, brand-new soft-drink plant at Compton, Calif., a stocky, 68-year-old engineer slopped around in spilled root-beer syrup, adjusting, testing and breaking in \$450,000 worth of canning machinery. Allan Baldwin Rogers was at his favorite job: getting a new Can-a-Pop plant into production.

As he watched, a Rogers-designed dispenser measured a shot of syrup into a 12-oz. can, a carbonator fizzed it full of sparkling water, a sealer crimped on a flat top, and the first can of root beer rolled off the line of Can-a-Pop's third and largest plant (one of the largest in the country). By last week Rogers had his clashing \$1,250,000 cannery up to

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All that is necessary is to make a reasonable selection from the store's shelves and freezer compartments. By "reasonable selection" is meant properly proportionate amounts from *all* the basic seven food groups, including fruits, vegetables, meats or fish, milk products, cereal foods and butter or margarine.

As a general rule, diets that stress any one food or that revolve around some unusual food, even when supplemented by pills and tonics, are advisable only when prescribed by the physician to meet some special health condition. Unless a person has a diet problem, the wisest thing for him to do is to go ahead and eat a properly balanced diet by selecting some food each day from each group of the "Basic Seven."

Good as packaged foods now are, processors are constantly seeking ways to make them even more nutritious. And, as part of our Tailor-Made Package Service, Continental scientists and engineers are aiding hundreds of food processors in this search. We are proud that while helping our customers to use our containers of metal, paper, foil and other materials, we are also helping to improve the diet of the nation.



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ago are still giving good service today, thanks to Bitumastic Enamels.

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peak production of 30,000 cases daily.

His new plant permitted Rogers to claim that he is now the biggest canner of soda pop, bigger even than ex-Pepsi-Cola Boss Walter S. Mack Jr.'s Cantrell & Cochran Corp. (TIME, April 27, 1953). Whether first or not, Rogers and his sales-minded son Robert, 32, in less than a year have converted a failing brewery (inherited by Allan's wife) into a company turning out 44,600 cases of pop a day from plants in Compton, Peoria, Ill. and Sheridan, Wyo. To meet the demand, the Rogerses are still expanding, with franchised plants planned for Hutchinson, Kans., Florida (near Tampa), Minneapolis, Dallas and Philadelphia, and two new flavors, cola and lemon-lime, coming out this summer.

Other canners besides Can-a-Pop are invading the fast-growing market. Bev-Rich Inc., backed by the makers of Val-



Murray Gorrett-Graphic House

BOB & ALLAN ROGERS
Dealers noticed the obvious.

ley Forge beer, has four flavors on sale in the East, expects to sell 2,000,000 cases the first year. Canada Dry is test-marketing canned Spur cola in the Philadelphia area. In Rochester and Syracuse, N.Y., Pabst Brewing Co.'s soft-drink division launched a singing commercial campaign for "Tasty Tap-a-Cola in the flat-top can." White Rock Corp. is selling canned root beer, lemon-lime and black-cherry pop in Los Angeles. In Chicago, Dad's Root Beer is gearing up for cans.

Most dealers prefer cans for the obvious reasons—less shelf space, no breakage, no bottle-handling and refunds. But there are still two big holdouts: Coca-Cola, with about half of U.S. soft-drink sales, and Pepsi-Cola, with about 12% of all sales. Pepsi tried cans in 1950 while Mack was still its boss, but abandoned them when some blew up because of the high carbonation. But if canned pop continues its fast growth, both Coke and Pepsi may have to change their minds.

GOVERNMENT

Boost for Gas

In a 24,000-word decision last week, the Federal Power Commission made its most important natural-gas ruling in ten years. It changed the method for calculating the value of any gas a pipeline company itself produces. In a case brought by Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Co., biggest in the U.S., FPC ruled that rates will no longer be based on how much money the pipeline company spent trying to find gas. Instead, rates will now be based on the price natural gas is bringing on the market.

What FPC's 4-1 decision means is that permanent gas rates will go up May 1 for Panhandle's dealers in Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana and Kansas, and that the dealers may pass the cost on to the consumers.

For Panhandle (which produces about 25% of the gas it pipes), the increase will be \$12.7 million a year; for the average Detroit, the increase may be 25¢ a month. (Since Panhandle asked for an increase of \$21.4 million, and has for 26 months been collecting temporary rates on that basis, dealers and some consumers will get refunds.)

Reasonable Profit. The gas argument goes back to 1938, when Congress passed the Natural Gas Act to bring interstate pipelines under Government control. At that time, FPC, following the practice of setting utility rates to return a reasonable profit on the company's investment, valued gas produced by the pipeline companies according to the cost of drilling wells and taking out the gas. As a result, the price of gas produced by Panhandle was valued at only 85¢ a thousand cubic feet, about one-tenth of the market price. Thus penalized for producing their own gas, the pipeline companies found it unprofitable to develop their own wells, instead bought from independent producers, free of FPC regulation.

The injustice of the Federal Power Commission's rate-making method was spotted by the U.S. Supreme Court ten years ago in the Hope Natural Gas Co. case (TIME, Jan. 17, 1944), when the question of the valuation of pipeline-produced gas was first raised. The Court held that the commission was not legally forbidden to use the cost-of-drilling system to set rates, but questioned the wisdom of the practice.

Unfinished Debate. But even with FPC's new decision, the gas debate is not over. A fortnight ago Michigan's Republican Senator Homer Ferguson and Detroit's Republican Congressman Charles G. Oakman, whose constituents will be hit by the price increase, introduced bills to outlaw the new field-rate system and keep the old base rate. To help them, Senate Interstate & Foreign Commerce Committee Chairman John W. Bricker, whose Ohio constituents are also affected, demanded an FPC opinion on the Ferguson bill. FPC replied that it would give no view on legislation dealing with an issue before the commission.



Caught... with our stamps down!

The afternoon was just one foul-up after another.

And at 4:50 p.m., DST, there is a wild wait from the Old Man's secretary.

Our stamp box is bare. The new girl had forgotten to buy stamps and everybody is scheduled to get away early on the weekend. Some crisis!

So who hoots it to the postoffice? And sticks stamps on every last blasted envelope? Don't answer!

Monday, I phone Pitney-Bowes and tell them to send up one of those nifty little desk-model postage meters.

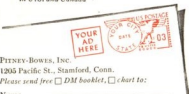
WITH a meter, you print any value of postage as you need it, for any kind of mail, directly on the envelope (or on special tape for parcel post). With the meter stamp, you can print your own small advertisement, if you like. There's a moistener for sealing envelopes. And metered mail, already postmarked, gets faster dispatch in the postoffice.

There's a model, electric or hand, for every office, large or small. Ask your PB office to show you. Or send the coupon.

FREE: Handy chart of Postal Rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.

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Please send free ☐ DM booklet, ☐ chart to:

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"he
didn't say it
that
way"

Sometimes, the slightest change in inflection can change the meaning of an entire sentence. Especially in business when so much conversation is actually responsible for action.

That is one reason alert businessmen—doctors and lawyers, too—are now using the Webcor Tape Recorder to record all important business conversations.

With just a flick of a switch a conference of ten or more can be recorded as easily as a two-way telephone conversation. And every word—and whispers, too—are permanently recorded, just as they were spoken.

Tomorrow, we invite you to call your Webcor dealer. At no obligation, he will be glad to show you how a Webcor tape recorder can be of real service to you.

You will quickly see how the Webcor, America's most popular tape recorder, can economically help you.

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- case history recording
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WEBCOR

© Webcor Inc. 1954 Chicago 39, Illinois

RADIO & TELEVISION

Bat, Beer & Camera

By the million, televisioners crowded around their sets to watch the opening games of the 1954 baseball season. But before the first official throw out the first ball, they had to listen to hard-selling plugs for Chesterfields and National Bohemian, Valley Forge and Hamm's beer. Beer and cigarettes are today as much a part of the league and the national game as bat and ball. Few announcers call a home run a home run: it is a "Ballantine blast" or a "White Owl wallop."

Sponsors have not only moved in on the game itself, they have also lined up pregame and post-game programs—mostly interviews with players. In Chicago, there

games and 30 on the road. And Cleveland is making an experiment this season that other cities are watching: no home games will be telecast, but all road games will be seen on Cleveland TV screens. The hope is that this will whet the fans' appetite for the home games. If Cleveland's paid attendance improves radically, many other teams may switch to the same plan.

How Real Can It Get?

Husband: "Officers, that's what I have to put up with. I say one word to the boys and she jumps on my throat . . . I'm just a dog around here, but by God, I'm a dog no longer."

Wife: "Please, I can't go on like this . . . He called me a parasite and a para-



Murray Garrett—Graphic House

SERGEANT PERKINS, REPORTER REED & SUSPECT

Into the microphone, sickness and sorrow, prayer and death.

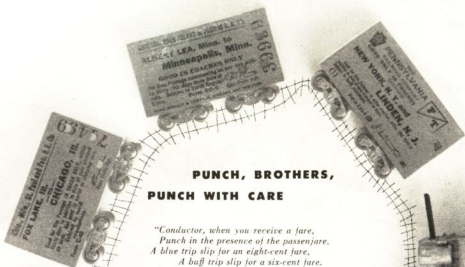
are at least three such radio & TV shows before the game gets started. Last week Outfielder Ralph Kiner, speaking for the Chicago Cubs, announced that he and his teammates would demand a minimum of \$100 for any appearance on sponsored sports shows. Said Kiner: "It seems every time you turn around someone is asking you to go on his show. We're not trying to make this a lucrative sideline. But a player on a hot day likes to take a shower or change uniforms or just rest."

Like the players, the major-league owners are taking some second looks at TV. Their continuing fear is that fans will sit at home watching games on TV rather than loyally buy tickets at the ballparks. Milwaukee has flatly refused to allow any Braves games on TV. Philadelphia is limiting TV to day games, while Detroit bans the TV cameras not only at night but on Sundays and holidays. And St. Louis will televise home games only when the ballpark is sold out. Baltimore, a major-league newcomer, will broadcast 26 home

noise parasite and everything. Just because he's working hard . . . How can I go on?"

This hysterical exchange, heard last week over CBS Radio, sounded too real to have been spoken by actors in a studio. It was, in fact, a tape-recording of a couple quarreling after the police had come to question them about their runaway son. It was part of a remarkable new crime show, *Night Watch* (Mon. 10 p.m.), which CBS Radio has launched as an answer to NBC-TV's fabulously successful crime series, *Dragnet*. For Jack Webb's skillfully re-created police episodes, *Night Watch* substitutes the real event; the script is replaced by the police blotter.

When to Duck. Radio Actor Donn Reed, who originated the show, spends his nights riding a Culver City, Calif. prowl car to make on-the-spot recordings of police investigations, arrests and interrogations. The voices used are those of the people actually involved. In getting his



PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH WITH CARE

*"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenger.
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a five-cent fare.
Punch in the presence of the passenger.
Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenger."*

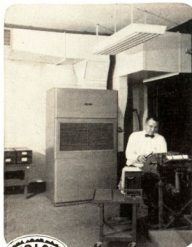
Printing railroad tickets with care was already a full-time job with Rand McNally back in the eighteen seventies when this little rhyme was sweeping the country. We even had a thriving sideline in conductors' punches, ticket cases, and conductors' trunks. Today, we're busier than ever, printing the airline, bus, and railroad tickets that everyone knows are almost as important as money. And the care which we devote to such exacting tasks has brought us fame as publishers of fine maps, atlases, children's books, authoritative textbooks, and memorable nonfiction.



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material, Reed has been slugged, beaten with handcuffs, shot at. Says he: "It's important to know just when to duck."

Usually, the 30-minute show covers two contrasting cases. Says Reed: "For example, we'll have a razor fight, fast and bloody—a major case. Then there'll be one about a little boy who steals newspapers, a quiet thing." But this week Reed devoted his entire show to the capture of a teen-age burglar. Hearing that a prowler had been spotted in a gas station, Reed and Police Sergeant Ron Perkins raced to the spot and caught the thief in action. Reed was showered with glass as the boy made a break for it through the window, but had his microphone ready as the thief struggled with Perkins, then cried and whimpered ("My mother'll kill me, I wasn't doin' nothin'."). At the station house, Reed was again ready with his recording equipment as the boy's mother waited for minutes and then, in subdued tones, told of the anguish of sitting at home, waiting for her son's return: "I've been up almost 15 hours on the clock . . . watching that bed of yours . . ."

At show's end, Police Chief William Hildebrand gives the disposition of each case (the boy burglar went to reform school) and adds a few pious words to the effect that *Night Watch* is presented "in the interests of public security." The show's sensationalism is likely to win it a large audience and an eager sponsor.

No Two Alike. Using a small, 14-lb. recorder sensitive enough to handle sounds ranging from a footfall to a shotgun blast, Reed has been riding with the Culver City police for nearly a year. Some nights he gets nothing, on others, enough material for three shows.

Radio and TV have made a fetish of getting close to reality, watching real-life marriage and divorce, sickness and sorrow, prayer and death. But few people seem to mind such invasion of privacy. For his show, Reporter Reed has found it easy to get legal releases to use the voices of prisoners and witnesses. Reed explains to them: "Look, you or your son or your husband are in trouble. We want to help keep others from making the same mistake."

Reed thinks his show can run forever on radio: "None of the cases are ever alike. Even two drunks differ so much that they each make fascinating listening." The program's principal drawback is Reed's own overdramatic commentary. He could, with profit, borrow Jack Webb's matter-of-fact delivery.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, April 23, Times are E.S.T. through Saturday, then E.D.T. subject to change.

RADIO

Showcase (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). New series of British radio programs.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 4*, with Soloist Leonid Hambro. *Suspense* (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Charles Boyer in *The Bertillon Method*.

Admiral Lewis Strauss (Wed. 9 p.m.,



There's a certain feel about this Harter Executive chair that's *right*. It's not just the fine gros point fabrics. Nor the deep, molded foam rubber cushions in seat, back and arms. Nor is it the correct posture design that is instantly adjustable to you with simple hand wheel controls. Rather it's the sum of all these things plus Harter's insistence on quality in even hidden details that makes the 65 the finest chair for the executive who wants to look, feel and work his best.

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IRON CURTAIN



Sanguinometer in use at Sloan-Kettering Institute

When every minute counts in a blood count

TV speeds the fight against disease!

Visual counting of red and white blood corpuscles was developed 70 years ago by two medical researchers, Thoma and Gowers. Their methods have been changed very little since that time.

But now RCA has developed the Sanguinometer, an electronic device using television principles, which enables laboratory technicians to count several blood samples in the

time that was formerly required for one.

Because the count of blood particles is an important indicator in many diseases, the Sanguinometer may become standard equipment in hospitals and medical centers.

Here is how this new high-speed blood counter works. In the Sanguinometer, a midget TV camera substitutes for the human eye at the eyepiece of an optical microscope. The camera instantly feeds the in-

formation it "sees" to an electronic counter and to a monitor viewing screen. The number of blood particles appears immediately on a meter.

The Sanguinometer was developed by RCA scientists, working in co-operation with the Sloan-Kettering Institute, research unit of the Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, in New York.

Once again, RCA research gives evidence of its continuing contributions to public health and welfare.

RCA pioneered and developed compatible color television



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Ramset BEATS CLOCK ON HURRY-UP JOB and saves \$2,380

Time was short to resurface the Lone Pine section of the Los Angeles-Owens River Aqueduct. Wood forms had to be fastened to old concrete—steel wire mesh reinforcing had to be supported. Conventional methods were far too slow. High-speed RAMSET SYSTEM anchored the forms with 5,100 steel studs, setting them faster than 1 per minute. The work was finished on time, with an estimated saving of \$2,380 in fastening costs.

RAMSET SYSTEM uses a simple, low-cost tool, requiring no external power:

Operator snaps tool open, inserts fastener and power unit, and closes tool . . .

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He holds tool against work with one hand or two, and depresses barrel

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He pulls trigger and in 1/1200 of a second the fastener is

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ABC). Speaking on "The Effect of the Atom on American Economy."

Jason and the Golden Fleece (Thurs. 9 p.m., NBC). New adventure series, with Macdonald Carey.

TELEVISION

Horse Racing (Sat. 3:45 p.m., CBS). The Wood Memorial from Jamaica.

Ethel & Albert (Sat. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Start of their eleventh year.

230,000 Will Die (Sun. 2 p.m., NBC). Special program on cancer.

You Are There (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Re-creation of "The Evacuation of Corregidor."

Goodyear TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). E. G. Marshall in *Old Tasselfoot*.

Packard Show (Sun. 9:15 p.m., ABC). Martha Wright, with Ray Middleton.

Buick-Berle Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). With Jack Palance.

U.S. Steel Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). *The Laphams of Boston*, with Thomas Mitchell, Dorothy Gish.

MILESTONES

Married. Nightclub singer Susan Marie Zanuck, 20, daughter of 20th Century-Fox Production Boss Darryl F. Zanuck; and Egyptian-born Fox Producer Andre (*Powder River*, *O. Henry's Fall House*) Hakim, 34; both for the first time; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Captain Michael Tubridy, 32, one of the world's top horsemen, former star rider of the Irish army's jumping team, who retired last January from show riding to run a stud farm; of injuries suffered in a riding accident; in Dublin.

Died. Russell Wheeler ("Mitch") Davenport, 54, author (*My Country*), managing editor (1937-40) and chairman of the board of editors of *FORTUNE* (1941), chief editorial writer of *LIFE* (1942-44); of a heart attack; in Manhattan. In August 1939, Davenport met Lawyer Wendell Willkie at a *FORTUNE* round table, zealously set out to promote him as a presidential candidate, managed the Willkie strategy at the 1940 Republican Convention, headed the Willkie brain trust during the whirlwind 1940 campaign.

Died. Hubert Scott-Paine, 62, British-born aircraft pioneer and boat designer, who, after 25 years of experimenting, developed the U.S. Navy's vaunted PT (patrol torpedo) boat; after long illness; at his home in Greenwich, Conn.

Died. William S. ("Pete") Newell, 75, shipbuilder and board chairman of the Bath (Me.) Iron Works Corp.; of a heart ailment; in Bath. During the shipbuilding slump of the '20s, Newell saved Bath's yards by rounding up fresh capital, later revolutionized the industry with the "sunken bathtub" method *i.e.*, constructing ships in basins resembling drydocks from which they float out on completion.

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On your next trip to Chicago, we invite you to stop at the New Sherman.

We just finished spending \$2,000,000 for complete top-to-bottom modernization. We modernized our 1501 rooms. We air conditioned throughout. Our dining rooms, our function rooms, everything is new. Same location — just a few steps from everything. And if you're driving, you drive right into the hotel. Our famous College Inn Porterhouse gives steaks a bigger and better meaning, and our Well-of-the-Sea gives your favorite seafood dishes exclusive original treatment. You're coming to Chicago? Make your reservation now.

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Trucks help turn yesterday's "wishful thinking" into today's appetizing reality!

When the wicked stepmother in the nursery tale* sent the little girl into the snowy woods to gather strawberries in January, she had no idea that luscious berries would some day be a commonplace in that season. The half-frozen child ran into the Twelve Months. They obliged her by turning January into June.

The U.S. frozen food industry accomplishes that same miracle every day. And one of the reasons it can, is fast, flexible truck service.

Trucks now carry 72% of frozen food output from proc-

essors to store.** This compares with 66% in 1952 and 61% in 1951, plus virtually 100% from all sources to retail outlets. This steady growth is ample proof that motor carriers are striving constantly to improve their service to this great new industry.

And the fact that you get strawberries, June peas and other summer delicacies the year round by truck points a moral: This is only *one* way trucks have helped turn yesterday's subconscious yearnings into today's appetizing realities! **If you've got it . . . a truck brought it!**



American Trucking Industry / American Trucking Associations

Washington 6, D.C.

*"The Twelve Months"—a folk tale, of Central European origin. **Source: Quick Frozen Foods, November 1953, p. 63.

for your greater enjoyment



Spaldings' flexibility and balance are a joy to expert and beginner alike. Your favorite shoe store or your Club Pro can fit either men or women to long wearing Spalding Golf Shoes.

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Shipped completely assembled, ready to unpack and use. Money back AT ONCE if you are not thoroughly delighted! Prompt delivery.

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CINEMA

New Picture

Indiscretion of an American Wife (Vittorio de Sica; Columbia) takes the moviegoer far across the sea to "the Eternal City of Culture, of Legend, and of Love." The customer is set down in Rome's bareboned, modern Stazione Termini. About him lies all the grandeur that was Rome, but he never gets out of that railroad station. And whether it be in the City of the Caesars or at the switchtrack in Wawa, Pa., an hour wait between trains is an hour wait between trains.

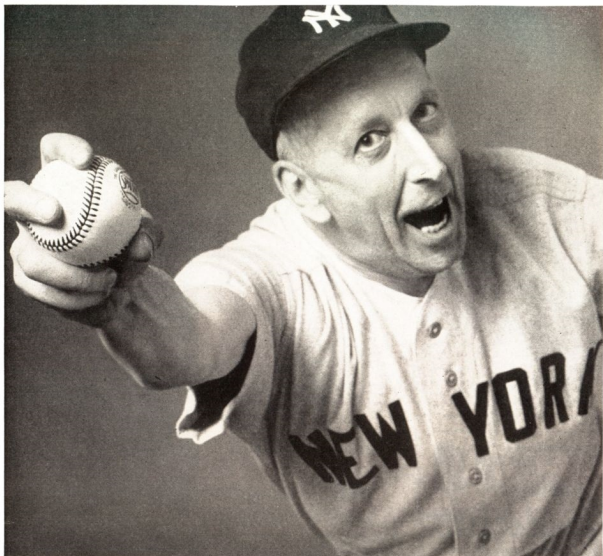
In this case, the boredom is surprisingly unrelieved by the fact that Vittorio de Sica (*Shoeshine*, *Bicycle Thief*) is directing the crowd in the waiting room. Jennifer Jones is "a housewife from Philadelphia," a mother who has taken a brief vacation from marriage. Montgomery Clift is an Italian college professor, the sort of tourist attraction Italy has offered to northern women since the days of the Ostrogoths. At one point he lures Jennifer into a darkened train compartment and gives her a clinching argument for not going home. Surprised by the terminal police, the lovers are haled before a magistrate, who tears up the morals charges on condition that Jennifer go home.

The camera finds in the terminal, as in a giant utensil, a certain mental delight, but in almost every other respect *Indiscretion* is, for the gifted men who made it, an indiscretion indeed.

Originally titled *Terminal Station*, *Indiscretion* began discreetly as a combined effort of Italy's De Sica—it was his first English-language movie—and Hollywood's David O. (*Gone With the Wind*) Selznick, husband of Jennifer Jones. Selznick supplied the stars, script and money, De Sica the unblinking eye for "neo-realism." But the effort never moved very smoothly: De Sica, who likes to use non-professionals in his films and speaks poor English, frequently found his American stars hard to deal with. The original Italian script was worked over successively by American Authors Carson McCullers, Paul Gallico and Truman Capote. For U.S. distribution, Selznick cut the picture by nearly a third (90 to 64 minutes). He took out a lot of local sidelights, e.g., a boisterous Italian wedding party and some realistic lovemaking. Says Director De Sica: "I cannot pass judgment . . . Perhaps Selznick cut a little too much. But on kiss more or less shouldn't make such a difference."

Two Comedians

Casanova's Big Night (Paramount). "I'll scream for help," the lady protests, and no wonder. The Technicolored thing that has just waddled into her boudoir looks something like Louis XIV converted into a floor lamp. It turns out to be Bob Hope, cast as a sort of tailor's dummy who wishes he were man enough to fill Casanova's britches. And to the lady



Arthur R. Wiley, National Warehouse Manager of A. G. Spalding & Bros., Inc., tells why:

He's famous for his fast delivery!

"Imagine the stands filled," says Spalding's Arthur Wiley, "the major league teams in their dug-outs, the mounting expectation — and no baseballs!

"It sounded like an 'emergency.' The balls used in all major league games are specially tested for perfection. The club was half-way across the country from our Chicopee, Mass. plant and a double-header scheduled.

"But we're used to delivering fast. We solve situations like this week-in and week-out by relying on Air Express.

"So, we just called Air Express on this job. The balls were flown west, were delivered and actually in play on the field a few hours later.

"We use Air Express throughout the year to ship all kinds of sports equipment throughout the country.

"Practically all these shipments cost less with Air Express than with any other air service."

It pays to express yourself clearly. Say Air Express! Division of Railway Express Agency.



Air Express



GETS THERE FIRST via U.S. Scheduled Airlines

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- ROLLS RAZOR'S exclusive built-in strip and hone provide correct blade edge to suit your own beard and skin.
- The ROLLS RAZOR is safe and quick in use. Compact and easy to carry.
- Beautifully packaged in satin-lined luxury case. \$17.50 at good stores everywhere.

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Hope replies (in a long, low-slung, sports-model voice that slides up to the listener's mental curb and honks suggestively): "I don't need any help."

The plain truth is that Hope (even with Joan Fontaine) does need help—a good bit more than he has been getting in recent pictures from his writers and directors. Despite the occasional funny moment when he can really become a floor lamp, Hope is essentially a radio comedian, a performer who is better heard than seen.

The humor of Hope as a balcony acrobat, for instance, has to be shown, even on the screen, more by what he says than in what he does. Give him a good line and he can throw it away with the electric unconcern of a stripper discarding the semifinal



JOAN FONTAINE & BOB HOPE
Women—and jokes—are like oranges.

spangle, but it is not much fun when there is nothing in the line worth noticing. Typical *Casanova* gag line: "Women are like oranges. When you've squeezed one, you've squeezed them all."

Knock on Wood (Paramount), like *Casanova*, fails to fit a famous odd peg into the rectangular hole of the screen, but it is a much more entertaining try. The trouble with Danny Kaye as a movie comedian is that his humor is almost too graphic to photograph. Give him the wide-open spaces of a theater stage and, like the prairie flower, he keeps growing wilder every hour. But confine him to the camera's cold, Technicolored eye and take away the living audience that gives him his reason for sneering, and Kaye is not much better than his material—which is generally pretty good.

In *Knock on Wood*, Danny tries to give himself more room to whirl around in. Melvin Frank and Norman Panama wrote their script—and Kaye's talented wife Sylvia Fine contributed the specialty numbers—somewhat in the style of an aria with a few optional passages

Being inside is virtually being outside in the first grade of this school in Deerfield, Illinois. Daylight Walls unify them. Architects: Perkins & Will, Chicago.



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scattered along the way, at which points Danny could go into a comic Kayendza if the inspiration came. And inspiration does come. One of the funniest parts of the picture is the scene in which Kaye, on the spur of the moment, becomes an automobile salesman sputtering trade talk ("overhead underslung oscillating compression decravinator") as if his teeth were a string of firecrackers.

The hero this time is a ventriloquist whose twin dummies have gone berserk. Whenever one of the little monsters sees the girl his master is about to marry, he insults her. Desperate, Danny consults a psychoanalyst and promptly pratfalls in love with the psychoanalyst's colleague (Mai Zetterling). Meanwhile, he has stumbled into more serious trouble. An international spy ring has stashed the stolen plans of a secret weapon in the heads of the dummies, and when two spies are killed in Danny's hotel room, the alarm goes out for the "redheaded riper."

In the big chase scene, when the pursuit drives Danny into a theater, the audience witnesses what is surely the first performance of a classic ballet that ever included a cakewalk. Dapper laugh: Danny, posing as a British explorer at one point, is asked what he thought of the Himalayas. For an instant he looks flummoxed, then casually pip-pips: "Loved him. Hated her."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Night People. Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin, and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Beat the Devil. John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers. The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape; with James Hayter, Donald Wolfitt, Joyce Grenfell (TIME, March 1).

The Final Test. A British joke about cricket, well told; with Robert Morley (TIME, Feb. 22).

Rob Roy. Walt Disney's highland fling through an old Scots story; with Richard Todd, Glynis Johns (TIME, Feb. 8).

The Golden Coach. Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age, as rich in color as his father's paintings; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You. Judy Holiday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make in Manhattan (TIME, Jan. 25).

The Conquest of Everest. A heart-stirring camera record of the 1953 expedition that fought to the top of the world's highest mountain (TIME, Dec. 21).

Escape from Fort Bravo. High-style horse opera, a worthy stablemate to *Shane* and *High Noon*; with William Holden, John Forsythe (TIME, Dec. 14).

Genevieve. A merry spin in a 1904 Darracq; with John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan (TIME, Nov. 30).



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BOOKS

Satisfaction Guaranteed

In a bold experiment designed to sell more books, the publishing house of Putnam last week brought out a novel entitled *The Sable Lion* (\$3.50) with this message attached to its jacket: "This book is sold with the publisher's unqualified guarantee of reader satisfaction . . . If you do not thoroughly enjoy it . . . we will replace it with any book of your choice [of similar price] on the current bestseller list."

Two publishing houses, Putnam and Coward-McCann, have decided to test in their own business a merchandising plan that has long been effective in other fields. As a starter, they are guaranteeing a total of twelve books on their spring lists.

Putnam's lead-off book has well-tested reader satisfactions swashbuckled in. *The Sable Lion* is a 17th century historical novel featuring a daredevil Flemish corsair. Born to command on the bridge or in the boudoir, Marinus De Boer ("Rinus" for short) is a hero who turns scuppers red with blood and rivals green with envy.

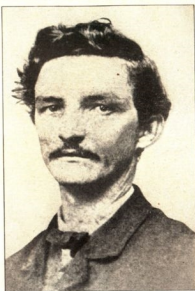
Four more historicals are scheduled to follow *The Sable Lion*, as well as three nonfiction books and four contemporary novels. All will stick to standard themes, e.g., one of the contemporary novels will be *The Healing Oath*, a new story of French medical life by André Soubiran, author of the bestselling *The Doctors*. The publishers expect few exchanges. Says a Putnam official: "A lot of good books get lost in the shuffle because the reviewers are looking for literature. But much of the time the public just wants a good yarn. With the guarantee-book plan, that's what they're going to get."

Rebel at Large

CONFEDERATE AGENT [326 pp.]—James D. Horan—Crown (\$5).

Two days after Abraham Lincoln's assassination, a customer in a Detroit saloon pointed at a slender, mustachioed young stranger and shouted: "That's John Wilkes Booth!" The stranger promptly drew a revolver, clouted the first man at hand and drove his boot into the belly of another. Then he backed out the door and dashed to the ferry. By putting his revolver to the ferry captain's head, he persuaded him to get started at once. Once on the Canadian side, he apologized for the "inconvenience," gave the captain \$5 and walked off.

The revolver-toting stranger was not John Wilkes Booth, but a look-alike named Thomas Hines. Like Booth, he had a price on his head, but the resemblance ended there. Hines was a former Confederate cavalryman from Kentucky who had made a reputation with Morgan's Raiders. Cool, intelligent and apparently without fear, he had been assigned to espionage work by the Confederacy's Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin. In *Confederate Agent*, Author Horan tries to



Courtesy, Mrs. John J. Winn
CONFEDERATE HINES
In a saloon, a boot in the belly.

prove that Captain Hines was the mastermind of a gigantic plot to defeat the North from within. Hines's chief weapon: a vast, fifth-column army of Copperheads whose leaders Hines was to inspire and direct. That the plot did not work, says Horan, was no fault of Hines.

Fire & Rebellion. Author Horan is a somewhat heavy-handed writer whose researches almost always lead him to fascinating material. Previous books (on Jesse James, the Pinkerton detective agency) dealt with surefire subjects; but Tom Hines remains a shadowy figure right to the end of *Confederate Agent*. Nonetheless,



NOVELIST MURRAY
At the bedside, a Chekhov manner.

less, it becomes apparent that he must have been a devil of a fellow, always hunted, sometimes caught, never held for keeps. He was only 23 when the Confederate government sent him to Canada with apparently unlimited funds. There he met with the top U.S. Copperheads, formed a "squadron" of Confederate saboteurs, and went to work. If he was really responsible for what happened after that, as Author Horan suggests, he may be one of the most neglected men of Civil War history.

From across the Canadian border a Confederate band rode into St. Albans, Vt., robbed the bank and made its president swear "loyalty" to the Confederacy. In St. Louis, Federal boats were burned at the levee. In New York City, 15 hotels and Barnum's Museum were set afire in a vain effort to burn the whole city to the ground. In Louisville there was an unsuccessful attempt to kidnap Vice President-elect Andrew Johnson, and in Chicago, Hines himself arrived to direct "an armed rebellion of thousands of Copperheads." What happened there was to happen many times to Hines in his efforts to start rebellions in Illinois, Ohio and Indiana: the news leaked out, Federal troops arrived, and the leaders got cold feet.

Law & Justice. During that year, Hines seemed to be everywhere at once, even stepped back to his native Kentucky to marry his childhood sweetheart, Nancy. But with Grant and Sherman battering the rebels in the field, Hines's cause was lost. At war's end he sent for his wife, began to study law in Canada while he waited until it was safe to go home. Later, in Bowling Green, he hung out his shingle and did so well that in 1875 he became chief justice of Kentucky's Court of Appeals. Hines died in 1898, Author Horan says, of a broken heart. His Nancy had died three weeks before.

"The African Sickness"

THE FIRE-RAISERS [223 pp.]—Marris Murray—Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3).

South Africa's literature is remarkable for the fact that its women writers are better than the men. The best South African biography is Sarah Gertrude Millin's *Cecil Rhodes*; the best novels, Olive Schreiner's *The Story of an African Farm* (1883) and Pauline Smith's *The Beadle* (1926). Publication of *The Fire-Raisers* brings another woman novelist into the front rank of South African fiction.

Jean Heather Marris Murray, daughter of a Scottish emigrant father and a South African mother, was born in Pretoria. An Oxford scholarship took her to England, where she worked as a free-lance journalist throughout World War II. *The Fire-Raisers* is her first novel but is written with a skill and confidence that make it close to the most impressive story yet about the South Africa of Malanism and apartheid.

To Author Murray, Malanism is not a problem of politics or Anglo-Dutch harmony; it is just one of the symptoms of a chronic disease which she calls "the



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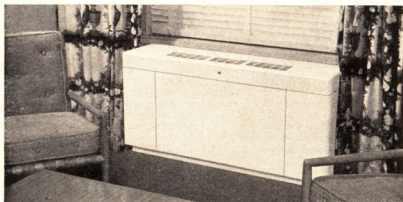


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San Francisco 19

African sickness"—a complicated ailment that has become so "normal" in South Africa that those who suffer from it are usually the last to know it.

The Enclosing Mountains. Author Murray's scene is a South African valley, bounded by mountains and the sea, and speckled with the houses and shacks of Dutch, English, French and Kafir Africans. On the surface, it is like any other valley in the civilized world—"a poor community," says old Jacob Fieldfare, "[where] someone is always frowning over a bill, or scraping to buy a new coat. We tell lies and gossip, our faces are drawn with longing for possessions and qualities which we do not have: power, personality, happiness, electric light, golf championships, more brandy, exciting friends, fame, white skins, a second chance, youth, a penny off the milk or a penny on the milk . . ."

But the people of the valley are suffering from one form or another of African sickness. Etienne Caveçon, a young schoolmaster, has the disease in its most benign form, "indolence." For Etienne, every day passes like every other, leaving him untouched, unchanged, unmoved, like a man asleep. His foster father Jacob, with whom Etienne lives, has spent his time observing life with such quiet detachment that he has "reached his sixtieth year without ever having had a serious illness or an enduring sorrow." Vigorous pioneers built the home of Jacob and Etienne, but in four generations the family has "shrunk to two quiet bachelors."

Elsewhere in the valley the sickness takes stranger forms, intensified by the fact that the people of European stock have "become aware of the narrowness and danger of their circumstances: the threatening sea, the enclosing mountains, and behind them the sullen weight of an awaking continent." Storekeeper Fluit, for example, is "gravely ill" with the conviction that "man, nature and evil powers" are all plotting against him, and that to survive he must be "sullen, suspicious and constantly on guard." His friends and neighbors feel much the same way, but they have discovered that the best antidote to gnawing fear is to fix their minds on a favorite obsession.

¶ Widowed old Mrs. Harding is bothered by only one problem: Just where did she drop her dentures years ago? By sheer persistence, Mrs. Harding has turned "life" into a series of long tramps through the bush in search of her missing teeth.

¶ Hobbyist Applesmith dreams of an all-white Africa in which everything will "go like clockwork." He has lived in this dream for so long that he has begun to anticipate it by creating clockwork forms of living things. Applesmith's mechanical fox terrier bitch can be made to beg for tidbits. And, says Applesmith, "nothing in its expression reproaches you for denying it . . . The owner of my bitch need never feel guilty."

¶ George Hemper, a pal of Applesmith's, believes that the "secret of life" is in "size and proportion," spends his days cutting up dead animals and measuring their



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He ordered James Crow's whiskey for his home in Washington

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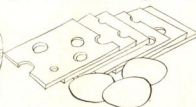
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parts. He refuses to have children. "How often must I explain to you," he says to Mrs. Hemper, "that until we know the secret and meaning of life, we have no right to produce more of it?"

Mr. and Mrs. Jobson are a rich English couple who have fled to Africa to escape the British income tax. They add a rich touch of irony to *The Fire-Raisers* because of their conviction that they have migrated from a slave state to a free democracy. The only flaw the Jobsons can see in Africa is the alarming number of "black faces" that are visible in it. "I think it would be a very good thing if they were all sent elsewhere," says Mrs. Jobson vaguely.

The Burning Bush. Into this ailing, ingrown community Author Murray introduces Heroine Agatha, a colored girl who passes for white and is pregnant. Agatha's only real function in *The Fire-Raisers*, apart from putting an end to Etienne's bachelorhood, is to be utterly normal and healthy—to sit calmly, creating real life among people who are doing their utmost to dodge it. In proportion as Agatha swells in bulk, the valley dwellers swell in hysteria, as if they must at all costs escape the growing terror of the future. By the time Agatha's baby is born, they have become mad enough to set the whole bush in flames.

Like most madmen they have excellent "reasons" for destroying the very ground they walk on. Old Mrs. Harding thinks it will make it easier to find her teeth. Hemper hopes to take advantage of the fire to steal and "measure" Agatha's baby (he will give her a clockwork one, made by Applesmith, instead). Also among the "fire-raisers" are an innocent Kafir boy, who merely wants to cook a decent meal, and Negro Servant Benjamin, who has lost patience with the sickness of his masters. "Burn, Africa, burn," he cries, as he strikes his match. "To tell the white man that danger is before him. Burn, to tell him that we are Africans, that we are men, that you are our country."

Author Murray (who now lives in Surrey) resembles another prepossessing Commonwealth novelist, Guiana's Edgar Mittelholzer (*TIME*, Jan. 11), in the audacity with which she flirts with fantastic characters and odd situations. But Author Murray's chief triumph is as a specialist in African sickness. Her bedside manner is worthy of Chekhov in wit and diagnostic sharpness; in spirit and human sympathy it never departs from the grand old female tradition of the South African novel.

Anna Doesn't Live Here

A SINGLE PILGRIM (247 pp.)—Norman Lewis—Rinehart (\$3).

John Crane, manager of the East Asiatic Timber and Mining Co., does not feel as if he is carrying the white man's burden. He is fond of the indolent Siamese town of Luang Nakon, where he makes his headquarters. He likes the routine of his work and the evening drinks at the run-down *sahibs'* club. He enjoys his

friendship with the only non-white member of the club, Major Chai Wut, the police chief. But in 1953, John Crane faces upheaval, knows it and resents it. "Why are they telling us to go?" he asks Major Chai. "I don't only mean us, the English, but white men everywhere?"

The major's answer sets the underlying mood of Briton Norman Lewis' knowledgeable novel about one sahib's last stand in the Far East. Framing his reply as "what others are saying," Major Chai says: "The white man by his teaching created a demand for justice, and as soon as the demand was existing, removed this product from the market."

"And is it too late for anything to be done?" asks Crane.

"I believe it is too late, Mr. Crane."

Tightening up his too-late theme, Author Lewis turns the vise of his plot



NOVELIST LEWIS

Against sahibs, bullets and bubble gum.

until poor Crane is crushed. Trouble begins with some petty thieving of company lumber. Then a company truck is ambushed and the driver killed. The major investigates for Crane, tangles with the local opium-smuggling ring and is blown up with a hand grenade. In the meantime, Crane receives more bad news: the company's teak contract has not been renewed; everyone must go home in 21 months. Home for Crane means a dreary London suburb and a nagging, neurotic wife. Rather than face that, he takes on a risky assignment in Indo-China: to drag out a French company's teak supply just ahead of the advancing Viet Minh. The Communists move faster than Crane; they settle his case with bullets.

Author Lewis is an old hand at describing Southeast Asia to stay-at-homes (*A Dragon Apparent*, *Golden Earth*). His novel is not just the somber story of a so-so sahib, but a report on a theater of change and conflict. Moreover, in sharp vignettes, Author Lewis shows that the



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crackle of change in Southeast Asia comes not only from firebrand nationalists and Red fanatics but also from the intellectual bubble gum that the East borrows from the West. At Luang Nakorn's leading cabaret, the local version of the Radio City Rockettes wear drum-majorette boots, hussars' hats and nothing else. At the town's boxing matches, the style if not the wording of the billboards is familiar: "Famous, flashy and crashing kid possesses a resolute punch." When a jukebox with colored lights and boogie-woogie records arrives in Luang Nakorn's brothel and the girls take to nylon blouses imprinted with headlines from a New York tabloid (GIN-CRAZED, SLAYS THREE), it becomes clear that a lot has happened since Anna met the King of Siam.

French Triangle

THE WOMAN WHO WAS NO MORE (202 pp.)—Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac—Rinehart (\$2.75).

The Woman Who Was No More is an offbeat French mystery. It has no hero, and its principal character is an intellectual pygmy who is as real as mud and just as unenterprising. His creators, French Authors Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, have built him into the base of a very French triangle of adulterous villains and victims. They make of it a crisply written, ingenious novel of suspense that is calculated to grip a reader right up to its sardonic last line.

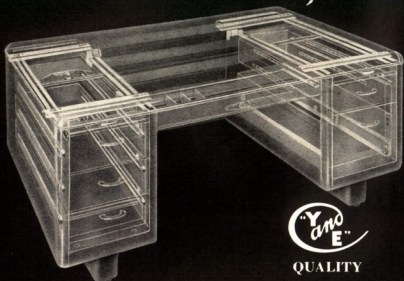
The pygmy is a traveling salesman named Fernand Ravinel who has the face of a brute and the soul of a sparrow. His mistress, Dr. Lucienne Mogard, is as cold and sharp as a scalpel. When they entice Ravinel's wife Mireille to Nantes, their object is murder and their motive is 2,000,000 francs of insurance money. As a killer, Ravinel proves tender and compassionate. After Mireille drinks a carefully prepared potion, her eyes close and Ravinel tearfully helps to lower her inert body into a bathtub full of water. "Don't worry, Mireille," he says. "You won't feel anything . . . I swear I never wanted to do you any harm . . ."

Mireille is left to soak in the tub for 48 hours, then driven to a Paris suburb and dumped into a pond. A bit later, when Ravinel returns to discover his wife's "suicide," her body has disappeared.

Mireille's body is not in the Paris morgue, and most unnering of all, it shows signs of life. Ravinel receives letters in Mireille's handwriting and learns that she has registered at a Left Bank hotel. Even proud, logical Lucienne reacts with a look of stupor and alarm to the baffling news, but expresses a violent professional conviction: nobody could be alive after 48 hours under water. The guilt-stricken Ravinel takes it harder; he is convinced his wife is a ghost, and he goes to pieces puzzling over how Mireille can be dead and alive at the same time.

The mystery is not likely to puzzle the reader as much as poor Ravinel, but Authors Boileau and Narcejac keep the reader guessing the rest of it to the Gallic end.

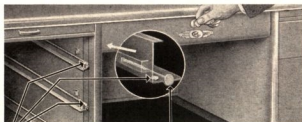
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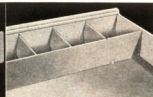
2. New Effortless Locking—new spring and locking mechanism give easy and positive locking and unlocking.



3. New Sliding Reference Shelf is reversible, can be used as utility drawer. Glass insert or pin tray is available.



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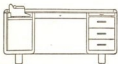
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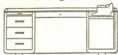
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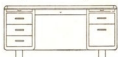
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for different uses*



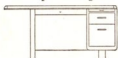
Reverse pedestal
to get:



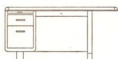
Replace typewriter
pedestal with drawer
pedestal to get:



Replace pedestal with
end panel to get:



Reverse pedestal and
end panel to get:



You can meet many changing needs through rearrangement of original parts. By stocking a few spare parts you can quickly and easily change this new desk to almost any model.

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MISCELLANY

In the Family. In Ripley, Tenn., after running for mayor and getting only 57 out of 1,163 votes cast, Dr. J. Louie Freeman announced that he would contest the election, demand a recount: "I have more than 57 relatives . . . who I know voted for me."

Time Limit. In Edmonton, Alberta, the *Journal* printed a classified ad: "Old beat-up house must be sold before it collapses. Give us a cash offer . . ."

Sunday Service. In Santa Rosa, Calif., while Police Sergeant Jack Plover was in church, five prisoners broke out of the county jail, walked a mile through the city streets, found Plover's parked car and drove off.

Halfway Mark. In Houston, pleading guilty to forging some \$177,000 in bad checks in 44 states, Frederick D. George defiantly told the judge: "I planned every hot check I wrote. My only regret is that I didn't write twice as many . . ."

Invitation to Learning. In San Francisco, the Ralph-Hutchison Motors firm advertises: "Come on in, browse around. Kick the tires."

Father's View. In Hartford, Conn., the municipal housing authority evicted Tenant Louis Maile after he kicked a hole in the kitchen wall, explained that his four children could then run from one room to another without passing in front of his living room TV set.

Just Pals. In Wellington, New Zealand, ex-Warder John Hall of Witako Prison got a six-month sentence after police found that he had given three prisoners five nights of liberty in one month, even lent one prisoner his bicycle to visit a girl friend.

Rosy Down. In Jacksonville, the *Florida Times-Union* carried a personal announcement: "IN RETRACTION to a statement made previously in this column, I wish to state that I am [again] privileged to be responsible for my lovely wife's debts. Robert A. Colson . . ."

The Good Companion. In North Sacramento, charged with drunken driving, Daniel Bean pleaded innocent, was asked if he had any witnesses to support his plea, got six months in jail when he replied: "No sir, judge. They were all drunker than I was."

Another Year, Perhaps? In Atlanta, the women's chamber of commerce decided to postpone Noise Abatement Week when it learned that its anti-littering committee had already scheduled a parade, with ten brass bands, 125 marching units, a garbage truck, and eight National Guard jets for low air cover.

It takes a brawny Scotsman
for this

HIGHLAND FLING

1 "You can't beat a Scotsman at the age-old feat of tossing the caber," writes a U.S. friend of Canadian Club. "The idea is to heave an 18-foot log to topple straight forward. At the Aboyne Highland Gathering I gave it a try..."



2 "It took four good men to stand the 200-pound caber up on its small end for me. I managed to get my hands underneath and hoist it to waist level, but my toss brought hoots from the Highlanders."



3 "I felt better when the kilted giants themselves failed to achieve the required end-over-end throw. A foot had to be sawed off the big end before the contest could fairly begin. I just watched. Even when shortened, that caber still looked like a telephone pole to me."

5 "The first caber was a tree hewed from a Highland forest, I learned. Canadian Club, while more modern, has been popular here for generations."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long... in cocktails before dinner, and tall ones after. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.

IN 87 LANDS... THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD
90.4 PROOF

IMPORTED WHISKY • MADE BY HIRAM WALKER

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



4 "Tossing the caber is a tradition in Scotland. So is good whisky. But the whisky I was served later came as a surprise—it was Canadian Club!"





Dutch Pantry Pie

New one-dish dinner gives you a savory SPAM-hearty filling enclosed in flaky pastry. Try it!

Make STIR-N-ROLL Pastry (use GOLD MEDAL Flour and WESSON Oil with recipe found in GOLD MEDAL sack).

Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cubed American cheese in 1 cup CARNATION Evaporated Milk. Combine with 2 cups chopped cooked potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, salt and pepper. Pour into 9" pastry-lined pie pan. Top with contents of 1 can SPAM, cubed. Cover with pastry, bake 35-40 min., at 425°. Serve hot, with CARNATION Sauce (1 can mushroom, tomato, chicken or celery soup diluted with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup CARNATION Evaporated Milk).

COLD OR HOT

SPAM HITS THE SPOT

SPAM gives "Dutch Pantry Pie" the delicious flavor of superbly seasoned juicy pork shoulder and tender ham.



HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

SPAM is the registered trade-mark for a pure pork product packed in 12 oz. cans only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.